

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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WINTER LIFE AMONG THE WRECKERS.—CAPTAIN ARCHIE WILSON ASCENDING THE "TELEGRAPH" OVER THE SURF TO THE MAINTOP OF THE BARK "ROSINA," GROUND ON NEAR EAST MORICHES, LONG ISLAND, N. Y., JANUARY 27.—FROM A SKETCH BY JOSEPH BECKER.—SEE PAGE 377.



FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

537 Pearl Street, New York.

FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 18, 1871.

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DEMAGOGUES IN CONGRESS.

FRANCE AND FENIANISM.

REALLY there is nothing to choose between the actual Republican party and the Democrats in respect of demagogism. The scandalous spectacle presented in our harbor, the other night, when two hostile Democratic factions and a Republican Collector, with each a gang of roughs as backers, assailed and outraged a party of released Fenian prisoners on the *Cuba*, is yet fresh in our recollections. The triple demonstration was in no sense a tribute to the political sentiments or the personal worth of the pardoned convicts, but was intended purely as a bid for Irish votes—Irish voters, it being understood, apparently, are to be bought up and influenced on matters concerning the Tariff, Finance, Annexation, Indian Wars, and the removal of the Capitol, by attentions paid to a lot of very worthy and very foolish men, who have not the slightest claim on anything beyond our sympathy!

Of course, if there be an opportunity for demagogism, General Ben. Butler is not the man to let it slip. We can understand how the Mephistopheles of Lowell, who has been "everything by turns and nothing long," gloated over the occasion furnished by Mr. O'Donovan and the rest of them to spring a resolution on the House of Representatives, which not one in twenty of the members approved, and forcing it through almost unanimously—a resolution which it was undignified in the House to entertain, and disgraceful in its members to approve. General Butler is not fool enough to suppose that being, for the present, nominally a Republican, he could gain for that party a single Irish vote, even if he could induce every member of the Republican party, from General Grant downward, to wash the feet and kiss the toes of every Irish immigrant. Why, then, introduce such a resolution as this?—

"Resolved, That the Congress of the United States, in the name and on behalf of the people of the United States, give to J. O'Donovan (Rossa), Thomas Clark Luby, John O'Leary, Thomas F. Bourke, Charles Underwood O'Connell and their associates, Irish exiles and patriots, a cordial welcome to the Capitol, also the country, and a copy of this resolution be transmitted to them by the President of the United States."

Was it to forestall some similar piece of demagogism by his less ready, and more sincere counterpart, Mr. Mungen, of Ohio? Such a supposition would be in perfect harmony with our ideas of General Butler's statesmanship.

And then the complacent chuckle with which the hero of Fort Fisher, the Knight of the Powder Boat, informed everybody that his resolution, names excepted, was an exact copy of the resolution adopted by Congress in the case of Louis Kossuth—probably the most preposterous humbug that ever touched American soil, and whose ideas of republicanism were about on par with those of the virginal ex-Queen of Spain. It is not so long ago, that a large part of our citizens have forgotten, how this Hungarian refugee "received," à la Prince, at the Astor House, with a guard of bibulous-looking fellows, in harlequin costume, bearing muskets, patrolling before his door! To use a rather vulgar, and on that account a perfectly applicable expression, "he was a high old republican, he was!" Just as much as Mr. O'Donovan and the rest of them.

It is not, however, General Butler that we care to criticise. He would not be himself, if his garments were not dripping with the slime and filth of demagogism. It is rather those Republican Members of Congress who rolled in the mud, reluctantly, no doubt, in the fear of losing or in the hope of gaining a few Irish votes—votes that are now and will always be thrown in a certain direction in spite of all they can do, dive they ever so deep or come they out ever so dirty! They do not appear to have reflected that in thus debasing themselves before the Dragon of Demagogism, at the instance of his high-priest Butler, they were completing the work begun by the President, of alienating the German sentiment of the country—a sentiment reinforced every year by the arrival of three English and German immigrants for one Irishman!

And this brings us to the Senate, which is sinking to a level with the House, thanks

mainly to the miserable set of carpet-baggers, ex-bummers and greasy quartermasters, who were foisted into that previously discreet and respectable body during the halcyon days of Reconstruction. Not to be outdone by Butler, Pomeroy of the Senate must needs take a congenial, albeit unnecessary, roll in the demagogue's gutter, by introducing a set of resolutions sympathizing with France, "in remembrance of the practical sympathy of that country with us in the days of our weakness and extremity," and asking Government to place a "first-class vessel of the Navy" in the harbor of New York to carry supplies to France.

"Sympathy with us in the days of our weakness and extremity," was not extended by France at all, but a certain interference was made in our behalf by the rulers of France, simply and only as a mode of striking a blow at their hereditary enemy, Great Britain. It is time we stopped such silly-sentimentality. Even if the fact were as Mr. Pomeroy propounds, what are we to say to the hundred thousand lives and the thousand millions of money which the interference of France cost us, during our late war, first in the way of urging Great Britain to recognize the Southern Confederacy, and second, by an open interference in Mexico, with a view to our neutralization and dismemberment? France practically prolonged the War of the Rebellion for two years, by affording well-grounded hopes to the rebels of a practical and efficient interposition in their behalf. Rare sympathy this, "in the days of our weakness and extremity."

"But that was under the Empire!" Undoubtedly, under an Empire that was sustained less than a year ago, in all its acts past and its designs prospective, by the people of France and by a majority of ten to one, in an universal vote! The distinction between the government and the nation is altogether too fine for mundane appreciation, and the Germans are clearly in the way of proving to France and the world that a nation cannot escape the responsibility of the acts of rulers by an *ex post facto* repudiation of their authors. The reason, and the only one why the French people do not shout the name of Napoleon III. in every tone of admiration and applause, is the fact that King William is at Versailles, and Louis Napoleon is not at Potsdam!

French Republicanism? It may be defined as a system in which every man insists on his own opinions, but will allow no other man to entertain any. When the Republic is established in France (?) we hope that Senator Sherman, who wants the United States to interfere for its establishment, may be there to see. We can imagine no rarer sight, except an Irish Republic!

THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.

The terrible struggle between the two greatest military powers of Europe, Germany and France, has resulted in the downfall of the latter, for three-quarters of a century the disturber of the peace, and the bully of Europe. Paris, after a protracted regimen of elephants, giraffes, horses, dogs, cats, rats, and other "small deer," has succumbed. The Army of the Loire is beaten and scattered; that of the East has taken refuge on Swiss soil, its commander having committed suicide. The other fragment of French force in the North of France is helpless—in a word, notwithstanding the insane utterances of Gambetta, France, the arrogant aggressive, and unscrupulous, is absolutely subjugated, prostrated, helpless, and at the mercy of the Teuton. What all this may signify in the question of race we shall not undertake to say, but Latinity certainly makes a very poor show.

Peace will follow, and very speedily. France will be deprived of the German provinces it stole long ago, and will have to pay, in addition to other penalties in the way of lands and ships, a round thousand of millions of dollars. The blame will be thrown on the Empire, and that preposterous Fraud, the Prisoner of Wilhelmshöhe. But the French people made that man Emperor; they supported him after the atrocity of the 12th of December; voted for him in all his dark and devious ways, time and again, with wonderful unanimity; and are in every way as much responsible as he is for the disasters and humiliations that have befallen them.

The world will not be sorry, Americans certainly will not be, that France, with its *gloire*, its susceptibilities, and ridiculous pretensions of leading the van of civilization, shall, for a generation at least, be compelled to "fast and pray," or at least attend to its own affairs, and not mix in with those that do not concern her—those of Mexico for example.

And here we must pay a tribute to German moderation and courtesy. Although occupying the forts surrounding the French Metropolis, and with Paris in its grip Germany abstains from arrogant display, and spares the city the sight of the spiked helmets of its conquerors in its streets. Suppose the French had captured Berlin! Would French chivalry

hesitated to have torn down the statue of Frederick, or to rifle the Museum. Not unless it has changed vastly within a few years.

UNPOPULAR AND UNPROFITABLE TAXATION.

AS CONGRESS, at its last session, modified the Income Tax so as to render it almost valueless for revenue, the present session should not be allowed to pass away without a total abolition of that peculiarly unpopular form of impost. Of all the means devised in the days of national necessity for meeting the expenses of our civil war, that tax was and is the most annoying. People generally grumble less at much larger taxes levied in a less exceptionable way. The inquisition into private business—the power of catechising people about incomes and outgoes—intrudes domestic concerns in a mode peculiarly repugnant to the community. Besides all this, the temptation presented for trickery and hard swearing renders this income taxation amenable on moral grounds to objections that should cause it to be wiped totally and quickly from our statute-books.

One of the most efficient advocates of total abolition in this matter is General Alfred Pleasanton, who has been connected with the internal revenue service for a couple of years in this city. His testimony and reasoning are decidedly practical. Waiving all other objections, he strikes at a point that will prove unanswerable and convincing. He says that, since the recent modification of the law, the Income Tax will pay little more than the cost of collection, saying nothing of the wear and tear of temper and conscience. This dollar-and-cent logic is likely to prove more quickly convincing than columns of ordinary argument. Considering all the heart-burnings and hard swearing it occasions—seeing also the army of officers requisite for the collection, and the general disgust prevalent on the subject—even a much greater amount than can now be realized from it should not weigh another month against the voice of popular condemnation. Let it be expunged from the statute-book before the "Ides of March."

WANTED—AN OBSERVATORY.

THE astronomical interest now measurably prevalent through the community is causing some exposures not very creditable to the city of New York. With all its progress in various ways—with its million of population, including many millionaires—the fact is becoming unpleasantly notorious that the American commercial metropolis, foremost in many enlightened enterprises, is far behind sundry moderate-sized cities of our own land as well as of Europe, in reference to arrangements for astronomic research and education.

Not one of our collegiate or other scientific or educational institutions possesses a telescope in position for demonstrating the lessons and theories taught within its walls! The fact might well seem incredible elsewhere concerning prominent colleges in the largest American city in this enlightened age. The New York University, Columbia College, the College of the City of New York, are all alike deficient—unless it happens that Old Columbia has some advantage over the others through the permission kindly given to its astronomic class to use the apparatus provided by a private gentleman at his own house for indulging his scientific proclivities. While commending the taste and liberality of that personage (Mr. Rutherford, of Second avenue and Eleventh street), it must be regretted that New York city, for all its colleges and schools, and for all its inquirers outside of those institutions, has to depend on the courtesy of any private citizen for means of illustrating the celestial science; and this, too, while more than three millions of dollars are spent yearly on the Free School system in this city.

Had Professor Mitchell lived a little longer, we would hardly have now to confess such mortifying facts. The energy that enabled him, more than a quarter-century ago, to arouse public liberality for establishing the Observatory at Cincinnati (the first institution of its kind in the United States), could not have proved unsuccessful in the efforts he was making, when death terminated his career, for establishing an Astronomical Observatory worthy of this great city and this enlightened age. New York has not only no such institution, but has no definite arrangements in progress for remedying the deficiency. The temporary organization formed, a dozen or fifteen years ago for co-operating with that zealous astronomer in establishing the proposed institution, has shown no life since he fell early in the loyal cause, which divided his affections with his favorite science. And yet that organization included many gentlemen whose united influence could quickly have converted the noble project into a glorious reality—several of them being wealthy enough, "each one for himself," to establish a first-class Observatory without making any serious inroad on his yearly income. Respect for the services of loyal Pre-

fessor Mitchell might now furnish additional incentive for consummating the enterprise which engrossed his energies till the National Cause required his sword, backed by his West Point education.

Let us hope that the deficiencies of the past and present will be atoned for by enlightened energy in the future—and that no distant future. The powers conferred on the Park Department, we believe, are ample for the creation of an Astronomical Observatory worthy of the city and the times—an object that would enhance the attractions of the Central Park for the increasing multitudes thronging to it, promoting the spread of knowledge in a way most effective for teaching all observers "to look through Nature up to Nature's God."

BANKS AND BANKING IN NEW YORK—THEN AND NOW.

PART II.

THE NEW YORK CLEARING HOUSE.

IN former days, but not so long ago as 1820, when the number of banks was less than half what it is now, the daily exchanges between them was a matter of serious inconvenience; and, as the banks increased in number, the difficulty increased in geometrical proportion. The porters of the several banks were all set in motion at one time, each carrying a book of entry and the money, or checks, for every bank on which he called. The paying teller of the receiving bank took the exchange and entered it on the credit side of the book; then he entered on the debit side the return exchange, and gave it, with the book, to the porter, who hastened to the next bank in his daily circuit. The several porters crossed and recrossed each other's footsteps constantly; they often met, to the number of six or more, at the same counter, and retarded each other; and they were fortunate if they reached their own banks again by the middle of the day. And all this counting and exchanging seriously impeded the other duties of the tellers as well as the customers of the banks.

The embarrassments arising from this state of things led, at first, to a substitution of weekly for daily adjustments of balances. But the weaker and speculative banks took advantage of this by borrowing money on Thursday, which restored their accounts for the settling-day, Friday; and its return on Friday threw them into the debit column. In that way, the banks distant from Wall street managed to carry an inflated line of discounts, founded on debts due to other institutions. Consequently, the Friday settlements proved to be, in fact, no settlements at all.

These evils, and many contingent evils growing out of them, led to meetings of bank officers and prolonged consultations, which resulted in the adoption of a plan, on the 1st of October, 1853, that proved to be a thorough and successful reconstruction of the whole system. This was the organization of the present Clearing House, the rooms of which are in the fourth story of the Bank of New York.

The work of exchanges being here brought into one place, and being entrusted to persons who are selected for the purpose, and who soon become experts, is performed accurately, without loss of time, and without interference with the regular daily business of the banks.

The large clearing-room, eighty feet by twenty-five, is provided with a continuous line of desks in an oval form, one for each bank, and bearing the name and number of each bank; and each bank is represented by two clerks. Each man stands at his assigned post in line; and, exactly at ten o'clock, each messenger moves in succession from one desk to the other, giving one parcel and receiving another, until each has made the circuit. This occupies exactly ten minutes, and it accomplishes what could not be done otherwise in less than six or eight hours. The exchange of parcels being completed, the clerks at the desks are allowed thirty-five minutes to enter, report, and prove their work. The entire business of the morning is usually completed in one hour. The result is, that the condition of each bank, relatively to all the others, is every day ascertained.

SAVINGS' BANKS.

The theory of savings' banks seems to have originated in Switzerland, as long ago as about the period of the first French Revolution; that is, about 1789. The problem to be solved by them is well stated by Emerson W. Keyes, the present Deputy Superintendent of the Banking Department of the State, to be "the preserving from falling into destitution of that large class or the poor who are ever hovering on its brink." It may be taken advantage of, to improve the condition of persons some removes from that critical position, and that has been the case to a very great extent; and the benefits of the system have far outran the calculations of its original projectors; but the first idea is what is above quoted from Mr. Keyes.

The first attempt to introduce savings' banks into this country was made by Thomas Eddy, by whose urgency a public meeting was called



through a notice in the New York Evening Post, for the evening of Friday, the 29th of November, 1816. On that occasion a constitution was submitted by Zachariah Lewis, which the meeting adopted, and the gentlemen here following were appointed as directors of the new institution:

Henry Rutgers,	John Murray, jr.,
Thomas R. Smith,	John Sildell,
Thomas C. Taylor,	Andrew Morris,
De Witt Clinton,	William Few,
Archibald Gracie,	John Griscom,
Cadwalader D. Colden,	Jeremiah Thompson,
Duncan P. Campbell,	Francis B. Winthrop,
Jos. H. Coggeshall,	William Bayard,
James Eastburn,	William H. Harrison,
John Pintard,	Rensselaer Havens,
Jonas Mapes,	William Wilson,
Brockholst Livingston,	Gilbert Aspinwall,
Richard Varick,	Zachariah Lewis,
Thomas Eddy,	Thomas Buckley,
Peter A. Jay,	Najah Taylor.

One might suppose that, in those comparatively primitive days, a project so entirely divested of any political or party character could be carried through the Legislature without opposition; but the record of legislative proceedings shows that more than two years of engineering were needed to obtain the charter of the "Bank for Savings," originally located in Chambers street, opposite the Park. The act incorporating it was passed in March, 1819, and it commenced business on the 3d day of July in that year. The amount of deposits received on that day was \$2,807; and, up to the 27th day of December, thence ensuing, the total amount of deposits was \$153,378.31—the number of depositors having been fifteen hundred and twenty-seven. Of these, there were

Tradesmen and domestic servants.....	840
Minors, male.....	254
Minors, female.....	276
Widows.....	98
Orphans.....	20
Apprentices.....	15
Unclassified.....	24
	1,527

The following tables will show what has resulted from that "small beginning;" that is to say, the present condition of savings' banks in New York:

Name of Bank.	No. of Depositors.	Deposits.	Rates of Interest allowed to Depositors.
Abington Square.....	150	\$16,937	6 per ct. on all amounts.
Atlantic.....	5,558	2,248,976	7 per ct. on all amounts.
Bank for Savings.....	65,673	16,325,154	5 per ct. on \$5 to \$500; 4 per ct. on larger am'ts.
Bowery.....	53,065	18,599,300	6 per ct. on \$5 to \$2,000; 5 per ct. on larger am'ts.
Bowling Green.....	1,056	525,381	6 per ct. on all amounts.
Broadway.....	3,928	1,661,750	6 per ct. on all amounts.
Central Park.....	544	70,084	6 per ct. on all amounts.
Citizens.....	12,781	5,663,088	6 per ct. on all amounts.
Clinton.....	645	47,284	6 per ct. on all amounts.
Dry Dock.....	17,450	6,526,492	7 per ct. on \$1 to \$1,000; 6 per ct. on larger am'ts.
East River.....	9,324	3,053,172	7 per ct. on all amounts.
Eleventh Ward.....	803	203,174	6 per ct. on all amounts.
Emigrant Industrial.....	20,146	7,005,117	6 per ct. on all amounts.
Excelsior.....	236	85,379	7 per ct. on all amounts.
Franklin.....	3,324	637,415	6 per ct. on all amounts.
German.....	16,013	4,723,151	6 per ct. on all amounts.
German Up-Town.....	1,794	447,030	6 per ct. on all amounts.
Greenwich.....	21,013	6,307,997	7 per ct. on \$5 to \$500; 6 per ct. on larger am'ts.
Guardian.....	325	110,156	7 per ct. on all amounts.
Harlem.....	2,183	403,911	6 per ct. on all amounts.
Merchants' Clerks.....	7,505	2,444,070	6 per ct. on all amounts.
Irving.....	5,950	2,225,928	6 per ct. on \$5 to \$5,000.
Manhattan.....	16,501	6,163,134	6 per ct. on \$5 to \$5,000.
Market.....	2,671	951,635	6 per ct. on all amounts.
Mechanics' and Traders.....	5,900	2,906,010	6 per ct. on all amounts.
Metropolitan.....	16,380	5,184,436	6 per ct. on all amounts.
Mutual.....	1,494	292,177	6 per ct. on all amounts.
National.....	1,484	207,187	6 per ct. on all amounts.
New Amsterdam.....	455	76,406	6 per ct. on all amounts.
New York.....	4,989	1,475,277	6 per ct. on all amounts.
North River.....	2,461	465,178	6 per ct. on all amounts.
People's.....	498	133,867	6 per ct. on all amounts.
Seamen's.....	23,879	8,679,883	6 per ct. on \$5 to \$500; 5 per ct. on larger am'ts.
Security.....	858	161,086	6 per ct. on all amounts.
Sixpenny.....	23,003	1,301,180	6 per ct. on all amounts.
Teutonia.....	1,154	213,085	6 per ct. on all amounts.
Third Avenue.....	13,351	5,363,214	6 per ct. on all amounts.
Union Dime.....	25,495	6,813,281	6 per ct. on all amounts.
West Side.....	868	73,061	6 per ct. on all amounts.
Yorkville.....	84	7,802	6 per ct. on all amounts.
* Originally Chambers Street.	386,638	\$119,870,595	

INCREASE OF THESE BANKS IN TEN YEARS.

	No. of Banks.	Deposits.	No. of Depositors.		No. of Banks.	Deposits.	No. of Depositors.
1861.....	21	\$49,988,826	217,964	1866.....	23	\$76,986,493	299,538
1862.....	21	45,085,025	205,169	1867.....	25	86,574,343	307,192
1863.....	21	51,235,225	229,468	1868.....	28	96,983,110	328,133
1864.....	22	62,174,614	259,570	1869.....	32	105,679,472	355,978
1865.....	23	72,928,796	294,290	1870.....	40	119,870,595	386,638

In the case of all banks of discount and deposit, the regular dividends are always made within the amount of profits, so that a fund may be created in excess of the capital, to provide against contingent losses; and this fund, being added to the capital, increases the value of the stock, and belongs to the stockholders. But a savings' bank has no stock and no stockholders; and therefore, although in its case the same policy is pursued of keeping the payments of interest to depositors below the amount of interest earned, a question was long ago raised as to who were the proper owners of the gradually accumulating surplus. In process of time, Legislative interference regulated this matter by requiring the savings' banks to make extra payments of interest to depositors of all such surplus as should exceed ten per cent. on their deposits. And even that ten per cent. has now become an enormous item in the New York city institutions. On the 1st of January, 1870, it amounted to nearly ten millions of dollars.

Another source of increase of surplus in the savings' banks is what are termed "unclaimed deposits." That refers to balances due depositors who seem for a term of years to have disappeared, as during the term they have not made additional deposits nor withdrawn any

money, nor left their books with the banks to have the accrued interest entered in them. The depositors, in such cases, belong to the poorer classes of people, they have no permanent or ascertainable addresses, and the inference is that they are dead. The aggregate of such surplus is very much smaller than the reserved surplus of ten per cent.; but its amount is always increasing, and, in time, it will give rise to embarrassing legal questions.

The importance of this subject of what are termed "unclaimed deposits"—especially when that term is made to include the surplus fund arising from reserved profits—has been greatly increased by the attempts at interference with those funds on the part of certain members of the Legislature. In 1862, a resolution was adopted with the following preamble:

"Whereas, Bills have heretofore been introduced providing for the disposition of certain sums of unclaimed dividends and deposits said to be lying in the several savings' banks, and represented as being used for the benefit of the individuals having the control thereof; and

"Whereas, All such unclaimed dividends and deposits ought rightfully to be appropriated to the use and benefit of this State, etc.; therefore, Resolved," so and so.

The assumption of those italicized words may well have alarmed the thinking people of the community—as it did. However, an investigation followed; and it had, at least, the effect of showing that the popular conjecture as to the amount of the so-called "unclaimed deposits" was immensely exaggerated; and that, instead of amounting to many millions of dollars, the sum total in all the savings' banks of the State of New York which had remained "unclaimed" for ten years, was less than two hundred and sixty thousand dollars. No doubt the popular estimate of the sum total was founded on the fact that it included the much larger sum of reserved profits already referred to.

The latter fund is certainly large; and in the unsupportable case of any one bank's closing its affairs while in a prosperous condition, and paying off its depositors, the question to whom the surplus belonged might be a very serious one. But so long as what are termed

inquiring into this nomination, and all that they can find is that this nominee is a brother-in-law of the President, and wholly unfit for the position." According to the Sun, Senator Sumner said: "For two months the committee has been unable to find any reason why he should be confirmed, except because he is the President's brother-in-law."

The idiosyncrasy of the Pacific-coasters who would exclude "Chinese cheap labor" from the shores where labor—the foundation of all wealth—is of the first necessity, is well satirized by a member of the Oregon Legislature, who introduced the following bill for the consideration of the Chinaphobians:

Be it enacted by the Legislative Assembly of the State of Oregon:

SECTION 1. No Chinaman shall be allowed to die in this State until he has paid \$10 for a new pair of boots with which to kick the bucket.

SEC. 2. Any Chinaman dying under this act shall be buried six feet under ground.

SEC. 3. Any Chinaman who attempts to dig up another Chinaman's bones shall first procure a license from the Secretary of State, for which he shall pay \$4.

SEC. 4. Any dead Chinaman who attempts to dig up his own bones, without giving due notice to the Secretary of State, shall be fined \$100.

SEC. 5. Any Chinaman who shall be born without bones, for the purpose of willfully and feloniously evading the provisions of this act, shall be fined \$500.

ALMOST all American restaurants and hotels have put up the prices of French wines from 25 to 100 per cent., "on account of the war," whereas the price of such wines in French ports and in bond in England is less than it was a year ago. The reason of this reasonableness is obvious. The wine-producers sent their products away as the Germans advanced, so that great stocks are in the ports or in adjacent countries, on which, for an equally obvious reason, it is important the owners should realize. Thus in September the export of red wine from France to England rose to 324,954, against 186,854 gallons during the corresponding period of 1869.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

France.—Burying French Soldiers at Chéville.—Christmas Sports.—Searching for Arms.—A Scene at Versailles.

A few days after the battles in which the army of General de Paladines was defeated, near Orléans, the sad spectacle of interring the bodies of French soldiers slain during the frightful action was witnessed. Large trenches were dug through the snow in the ground just outside the village of Chéville, by members of the Sanitary Corps, in which the remains were deposited with their clothing and side-arms on, after a brief record of each soldier was taken.

On Christmas Day the ice was so thick and strong upon all the waters in the neighborhood of Paris that it would have borne artillery. In the park of Versailles the beautiful ponds were covered with crowds of skaters—many Prussians, a few Americans and Englishmen, and a very few Frenchmen. Some of the figures that glided about, more or less gracefully, upon the glittering bosom of the lake, were quantity out of keeping with preconceived notions respecting skating costumes. The Crown-Prince of Prussia, Count von Moltke, and General Blumenthal, witnessed much of the sport.

The search for concealed arms in a private house, conducted by a party of Prussian Landwehr, reveals much earnestness, curiosity, and indignation. The expostulations of the master of the house, the affected calmness, but haughty bearing of his wife, and the wonder of the daughter, while the various chests and drawers are ransacked for contraband articles, are very naturally expressed. The little boy reluctantly bringing his toy-gun, and offering to surrender it to the burly soldier, is a pleasant figure; with an expression of kindly fun, the soldier promises that the amateur Garde Mobile shall not be deprived of his valuable weapon.

A scene of very different character is that of the funeral procession bearing the remains of a deceased soldier to the cemetery. The densely-thronged street, the *bideaux* leading the solemn procession, composed of the cross-bearer, deacon, acolytes, and priests bearing the coffin, the stretcher on which a wounded French soldier is being carried to the hospital, surrounded by *attaches* of the Sanitary Corps, and the quiet repose marked on every face, make up a picture familiar in these times of sorrow, and pathetic to every witness.

Inside Paris.—Disembarking Wounded Soldiers at the Quai de la Mégisserie, on the Seine.

The Quai de la Mégisserie, between the Pont Neuf and the Pont au Change, presented, during the memorable siege, exciting scenes. Parties of wounded soldiers, from battle-fields beyond the ramparts, having been conveyed hither by the Lilliputian steam-packets of the Seine, were disembarked and placed on hand-litters, to be transferred to the vans, or covered carts, awaiting them upon the quay, whence they were removed to the military hospitals in the city. The red-cross standard above the tent erected upon the landing stage, with the same emblem displayed over the vans and wagons, proclaimed the lamentable work in hand. Our sketch, obtained by balloon-post, shows the scene at night, when the flaming torches cast a sombre shade over the spot. Some of the men but slightly wounded seem disposed to drive away their pain by exhibiting such trophies as Prussian spiked helmets and needle-guns, carried off the field of battle.

England.—Skating Parade of the First Hunts Rifle Volunteers at Hartford.

On Friday, December 30th, 1870, forty members of the First Hunts Rifle Volunteers paraded, without rifles or side-arms, from Huntingdon to Hartford. Some two thousand persons were assembled on the ice, over the meadows, including many lady skaters. Captain Heathcote having given the order, "Put on Skates," a line was formed, with an interval of eighteen inches between each soldier. Exercises in

many company and battalion movements were given, after which the men engaged in skating races. The landscape was showy and attractive, and the scarlet tunics of the volunteers gave a brilliant touch of color to the interesting scene.

France.—Death of M. Beurthelet, at Tours.

The visit of the Prussians to Tours, France, was singularly brief, and, with the exception of a light bombardment, was attended with but little injury to the inhabitants. Several people, however, were killed by the shells, and amongst them M. Beurthelet, editor of the *Union Libérale*, who was struck on the corner of the Rue Royale and the Rue Chaude, falling into the arms of some poor people, who properly cared for his remains.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

ADELAIDE PHILLIPS is singing in Mobile.

TOSTEE and Aujac are singing in Brussels.

ROSSI, the grand Italian tragedian, is coming to this country.

MILE. NILSSON will return to Europe at the close of her oratorio season in Boston, this month.

NIEDERMEYER'S Mass in D will be the principal novelty at the May concert of the Church Music Association.

THE Holland Testimonial Fund amounts now to over \$15,000, and several localities are yet to be heard from.

MR. FECHTER has accepted an engagement of three weeks at the Boston Theatre, to begin the 28th of March next.

THE Rizzarellis and Lauris, acrobats, have gone to law over the ownership of a saddle, once used at Tammany Hall Theatre, N. Y.

LOWELL, Mass., has inaugurated a series of People's Concerts, with Gilmore's band and some of the best vocal talent to be procured in Boston.

CARL FORMER, the celebrated basso, was cured of an abscess in the throat by a lady physician of Vienna, and settled the bill by marrying her.

TWO HUNDRED pounds is offered by the London Alhambra Palace Company for a grand original fantasia for orchestra, chorus, organ, and military band.

THE Lydia Thompson Burlesque Troupe closed their engagement at Wood's Museum, New York, after the evening performance of Saturday, January 28th.

ON January 30th, Miss Lucy Rushton made her first appearance in New York at Wood's Museum, since her return from Europe, in a sensational drama entitled "Red Hands."

A GRAND vocal and instrumental concert, for the benefit of the Strasbourg sufferers, will take place at Steinway Hall, New York, February 16th, which promises to be a fine affair.

MRS. HOWARD PAUL has been greatly increasing her excellent reputation by appearing in the rôle of Gil Blas, in an extravaganza of that name, at the Princess's Theatre, London.

MRS. BODSTEIN has been the chief soprano of Grace Church, New York, for twenty-six years, and when she recently desired to resign, the rector, vestry and congregation opposed it.

J. S. CLARKE will shortly act in a benefit performance for Mr. Stockton, of Philadelphia, author of "Fox and Goose," one of the comedian's best pieces. He will then leave for Europe.

AMONG the distinguished artists said to be coming to this city during the approaching summer are Mr. J. L. Toole, comedian; E. A. Sothern; the Vokes Family; and Signor Ernest Rossi, an eminent Italian actor.

M. WIENIAWSKI has concluded a two years' engagement with Mr. Ullmann. During the first year he is to play at concerts in Europe, at a monthly salary of five thousand francs, and during the second in America, at a monthly salary of ten thousand francs.

CRUVELLI, the noted singer, who retired years ago from the lyric stage, is spending the winter at Nice, where she gives delightful musical parties, at which she is the chief attraction. Her voice is said to have much of its former richness, range and power.

THE Oratorio of the "Creation" was sung at Lincoln Hall, Washington, January 28th, by the Philharmonic Society of that city. The solo parts were sustained by Clara Louise Kellogg, Mr. Simpson and Mr. Lawrence.

At Brussels, M. Faure has been singing in "Guillaume Tell." "Romeo" was announced, with Mlle. Mian Carvalho as Juliette. Nothing more is said at present about the revival of Herr Wagner's "Lohengrin," while the production of his "Fiegeler Holländer" is postponed *sine die*.

THE Prussian Government has recently secured for the Royal Library at Berlin, the Mozart collection, the most important numbers of the Hayden collection, a good many from the Beethoven, and several from Gluck. This Library at Berlin is now the only one in the world that possesses all the works of Mozart.

"SARATOGA" at the Fifth Avenue Theatre is withdrawn this week to make place for "Jezabel." The two pieces are wide as the poles asunder, and the change will be very marked. Apropos of "Saratoga," we may note the very stylish manner in which Mr. George Parkes dresses. He is the glass of fashion for the *jeunesse dorée* of the metropolis.

MISS LAURA KEENE made her reappearance on Wednesday evening, January 25th, at Lina Edwin's Theatre, in Boucicault's play, in three acts, entitled "Hunted Down; or, The Two Lives of Mary Leigh." Miss Keene, upon her entrance, was most enthusiastically received by a large audience, which must have been cheering and encouraging to the lady, and which furnished convincing proof that she had not been forgotten.

At the Grand Opera, the sensations have been the lymphatic silly as *Boulotte*, and Aimée as *La Perichole*, a rôle introduced, and almost consecrated, among us by Irma-Marie. Without Irma's beauty, Aimée has, perhaps, an equal charm. She is live, alert, and an actress thoroughly finished to the finger-nail. Her motions are the very acme of expression, and sometimes—those of her positively speaking arms especially—are almost inspired. She carries off the tipsy scene, after *qu'elle a eue un diner extraordinaire*, with supreme and careless grace. Her reprehensible condition seems as she interprets it, as far removed from work-day laws of right and wrong as the morals of Wycherley and Congreve seemed to Charles Lamb. She falls out of the door of the Viceroy's palace upon the stage, the animated figure of some little dancing bronze from Pompeii—her hair dangling with wreaths and corymbi, and her motions those of an irresponsible young Bacchus. In the tender scene of reading the farewell letter to *Piquillo*, she develops a quite unexpected pathetic power, colored over with the racy independence which belongs to her conception of the character. This independence, by-the-by, may perhaps be a part of Aimée's personal disposition, as it affects her treatment of the kindest audiences she probably ever had in her life.



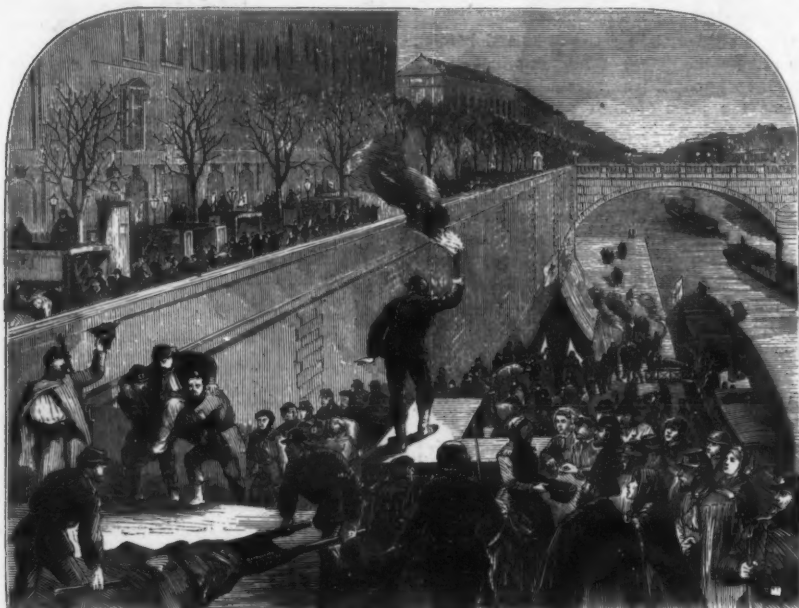
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PRECEDING PAGE.



FRANCE.—BURIAL OF FRENCH SOLDIERS IN TRENCHES AT CHEVILLY, NEAR ORLÉANS, BY THE SANITARY CORPS.



FRANCE.—WINTER SPORTS AT VERSAILLES.—THE PONDS IN THE PARK COVERED WITH PRUSSIAN, AMERICAN AND ENGLISH SKATERS.



INSIDE PARIS.—DISSEMBARKING WOUNDED SOLDIERS AT THE QUAI DE LA MÉGISERIE, PARIS.—SKETCH BY BALLOON POST.



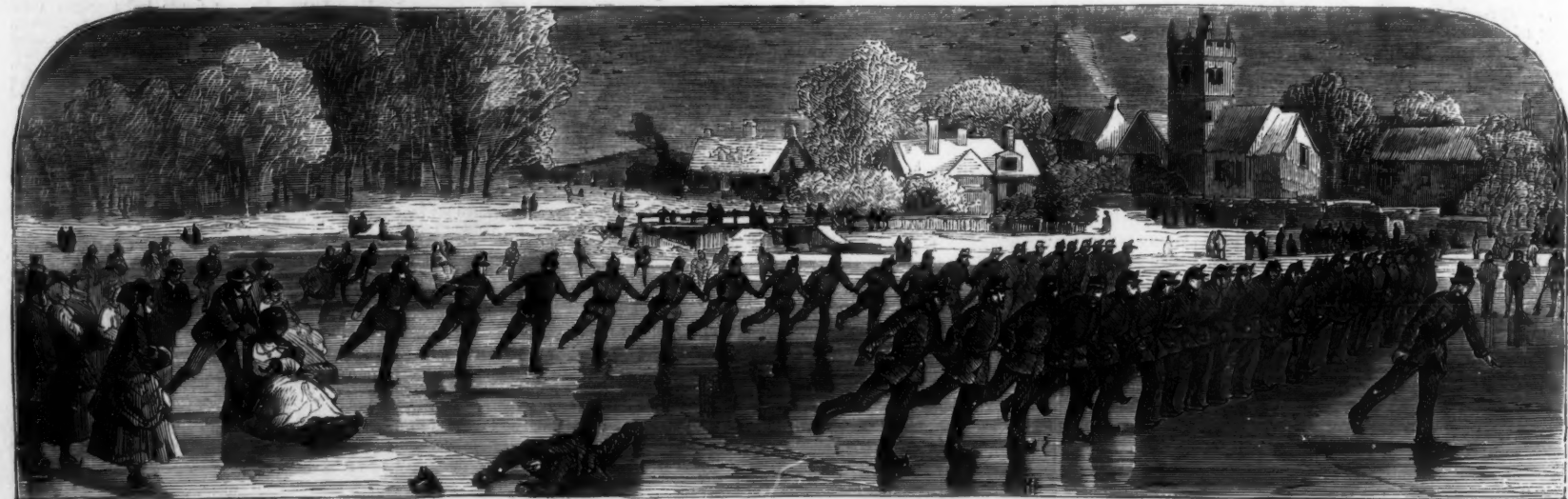
FRANCE.—PARTY OF PRUSSIAN SOLDIERS SEARCHING FOR CONCEALED ARMS IN A MANSION AT VERSAILLES.



FRANCE.—THE DYING SALUTES THE DEAD.—SANITARY PROCESSION MEETING A FUNERAL CORTEGE AT VERSAILLES.

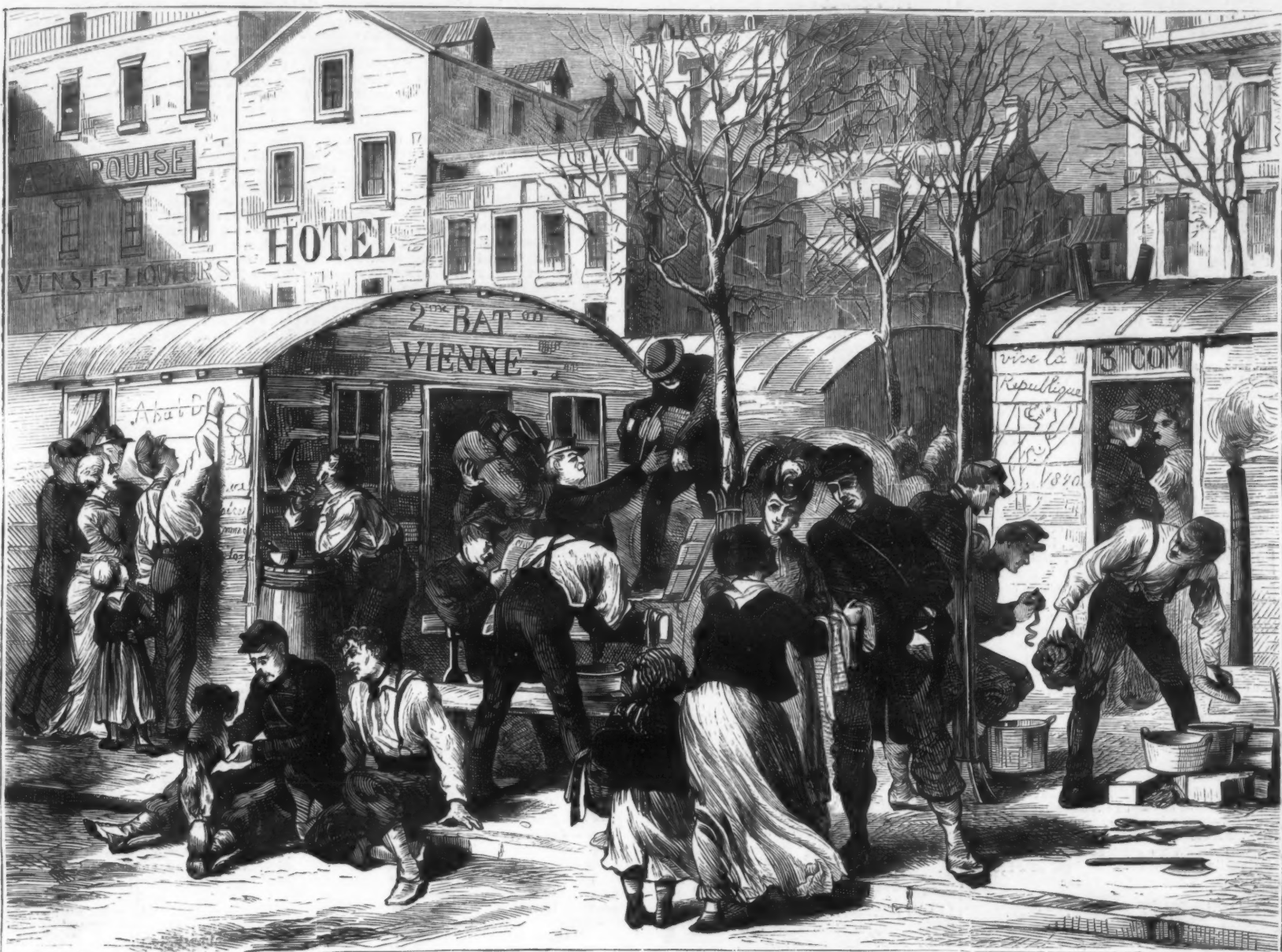


FRANCE.—M. BEURTHELET, EDITOR OF THE "UNION LIBÉRALE," KILLED BY A SHELL AT TOURS.



ENGLAND.—SKATING PARADE OF THE FIRST HUNTS RIFLE VOLUNTEERS AT HARTFORD.





INSIDE PARIS.—DAILY ASPECT OF THE BOULEVARDS SHORTLY BEFORE THE CAPITULATION.—SKETCH BY BALLOON POST.—SEE PAGE 379.

## WINTER LIFE AMONG THE WRECKERS.

DOMESTIC persons sing of the poor sailor as they would of Old Dog Tray, and, when the song is finished, forget the hurricanes, the starless nights, the freezing days, and the horrors of shipwreck to which he is exposed. Too often is he painted in colors quite repulsive

to those who know him intimately, and too often are qualities ascribed to him whose only influence tends to degrade virtuous manhood. He is rough; but his perilous vocation renders him so. He uses stimulating beverages; and so do thousands, with far less reason, of whom no complaint is made. The causes which create the character he bears are valued by the public; and, notwithstanding his possession of bravery, endurance and generosity, there are many persons who would hesitate to acknowledge his claims upon their sympathy.

While little, therefore, is known of the true character and habits of the sailor, still less appreciation is given the wrecker, whose labors are frequently of a more dangerous nature.

The bark *Rosina*, bound from Bordeaux to New York, struck the bar near East Moriches, L. I., January 14th, and on the 26th we visited the spot, to study the habits of these important marine workmen.

Reaching Centre Moriches, seventy miles from Williamsburgh, L. I., we were cordially received at his cheerful residence, by Mr. J. H. Bishop, to whom the wrecking party are indebted for many timely courtesies. A strong east wind came from the sea, which increased the severity of the snowstorm. Provided with thick blankets and boots, we were eager to make our way to the beach, when a first-class obstacle presented itself. Previous to the storm, the wreckers reached the seashore by crossing Moriches Bay, two and a half miles broad, in boats. But now the surface was frozen, and the only course left was to cross the ice on foot. It required much coaxing to secure a *chaperon*, and when at last Mr. Bishop agreed to lead our party, we started out fully assured we should shortly become food for fishes.

The ice cracked beneath the feet at every step, the guide's bean-pole passed through the crust every few moments, and the storm cast a gloomy, Arctic darkness over the course, concealing alike the shore just left and snow-drifts twenty feet ahead.

## CROSSING THE BAY ON ICE

soon became dangerously tedious. Spots of dark ice were sought among the drifts, and were invariably but a few steps behind a stretch of rotten crust. Guided entirely by the dismal sound of the surf, the party trudged on, describing all sorts of curves to secure good footing, and at length struck the Half-way House, built on the narrow strip which separates the bay from the sea. Conveyances were hastily brought forward, and a ride of two miles along the beach, in the full face of the storm, brought us to the scene of the accident. The *Rosina's* cargo consisted of the choicest wines and brandy, and was valued at \$350,000. The wreckers had secured the vessel by a huge hawser passed astern, and a couple of anchors cast off the bow. A considerable portion of the cargo had been taken from her by means of surf-boats, and sent to New York. Her spars, shrouds and hull hung with fantastic stalactites, while the heavy surf

dashed harmlessly against her bow. Opposite, and upon the shore,

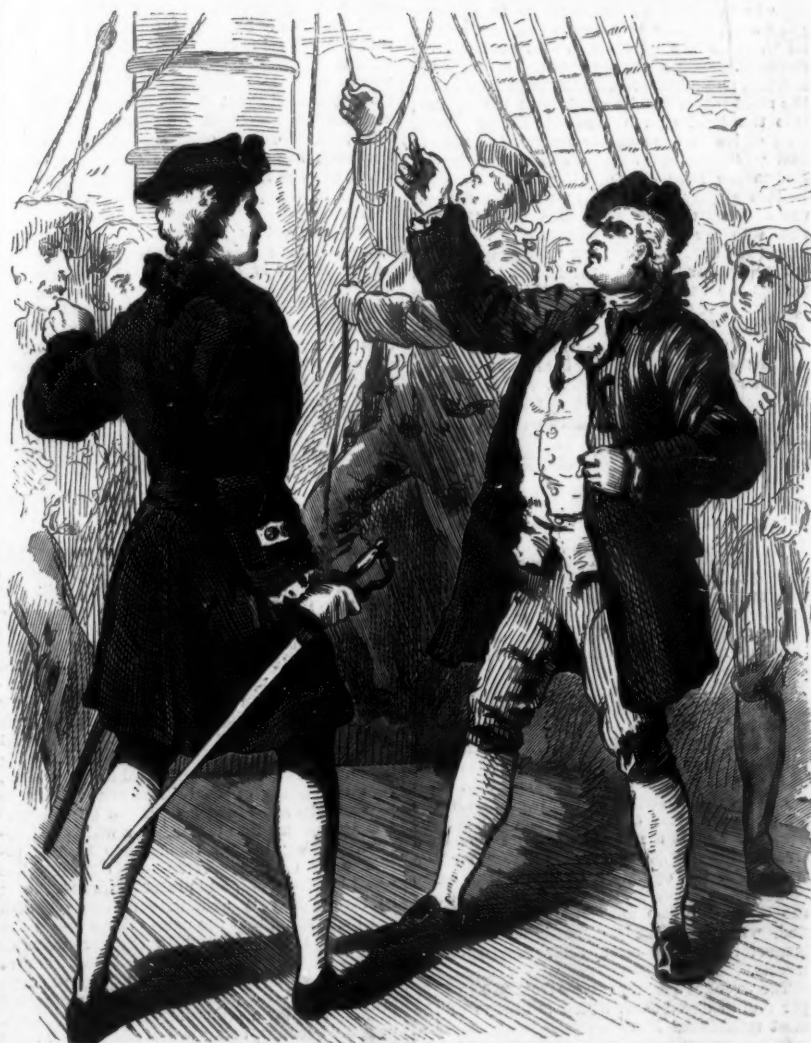
## THE WRECKERS' TENTS

were located. Springing from the conveyance, we received a hearty and true sailor's welcome

from Captain George M. Prindle, the Custom House Inspector in charge of the work, Captain W. H. Merritt, General Agent of the Coast Wrecking Company, and fifty or sixty other veteran sailors. The interior of the officers' tent was certainly a cozy place for benumbed



STATUE OF LINCOLN, BY MISS VINNIE BEAM, UNVEILED JAN. 25, 1871, IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON, D. C.—SEE PAGE 379.



## LEGEND OF NEWBURYPORT:

"A BRITISH TRANSPORT WAS OBSERVED IN THE BAY.....CAPTAIN OFFIN BOARDMAN PILOTED HER IN.....STANDING ON THE QUARTER-DECK, HE SUDDENLY TURNED AND ORDERED THE BRITISH FLAG TO BE STRUCK!"—SEE PAGE 378.



travelers. A large stove stood in the centre, a hastily-improvised table on the right, and at the far end lay the blankets, canvas clothes, boots and bundles of the wreckers. Suspended from the ridge-spar was a gorgeous chandelier, reminding one of the like luxuries seen in the tents of the old Army of the Potomac, casting a soft but unsteady light about the crowded apartment, and large drops of tallow upon those standing before the stove. To give a more home-like appearance to the tent, a large looking-glass on a side spar caught some superb figures and faces, and a side of beef by its weight kept the sea end of the tent in pretty good subjection.

#### THE EVENING SPORTS OF THE WRECKERS

were as varied as the nationalities of the participants. We were scarcely within the tent when the table was spread, and an invitation was extended to eat ice-cream! Ice-cream, indeed, when we were so thoroughly protected against the cold weather that we could scarcely bend! But the prescription looked palatable, and afforded an opportunity of learning the "customs of the country." A soup-tureen was filled with snow, which was then thoroughly saturated with a mixture of brandy, eggs and sugar. Next came a dish of so-called "sounds and tongue," which possessed neither—until put in the mouth. This is a favorite dish of sailors, and the chief ingredient is taken from the back of the codfish. With this were handed coffee, strong enough for a spoon to stand upright in, and tea-biscuits that would sell in New York for loaves of bread. The two objects of a wrecker's life appear to consist of working and eating. When engaged in duty, he is the most laborious and faithful of men; when dining, human nature is exhibited in a remarkably generous and fantastic garb; sleep seems a necessity unknown to him.

After supper the men at the table commenced playing euchre, while a party crawled over their companions to the far end, and spread themselves for a game of penny-ante. There were stories shot forth by men whose faces appeared incapable of bearing smiles; puzzles, tricks of cards, corks and legerdemain loomed up; peals of laughter swept about the tent, and every one was happy. About two o'clock the next morning a number of men turned in, apparently for sleep, but they kept up a merriment that betrayed their purpose.

Then a little party surrounded the stove—the robust figure of Captain Prindle towering above the rest—while a long, square, telescopic sailor, Archie Wilson, the chief of the wreckers, was drawn up opposite. The latter was continually toasting hunks of beef on a broom-handle, and wondering about the

"Ten little Injuns standin' in a line,  
One ran away, and then there were nine;  
Nine little Injuns swingin' on a gate,  
One fell off, and then there were eight."

At daylight the men turned out, ate a hearty breakfast, and then prepared to

#### WORK ON THE WRECK.

From the mizzen-topmast of the bark a "telegraph" was run to the shore, being a stout hawser furnished with a block and long tackle, making, by passing over a block on the shore, an endless line. The large block was hauled ashore, when Captain Archie attached a looped rope to it, slung his active person in the loop, gave a signal, the men began heaving, and up he went on the "telegraph"—a pretty lively message. With a club he beat the ice from the hawser, and advanced steadily until he reached the main-top, when he went down the rigging, into the hold of the bark. Finding several tons of ice in the ship, he ascended in time to find "Steam-pump Joe," a sailor in charge of the engine used for pumping water from the hold, stepping over the gunwales. Several cases of wine were extricated from the ice, raised to the main-top attached to the large block, and sent ashore by the "telegraph." This course is pursued when the surf is too high to permit the use of surf-boats, which are loaded directly from the vessel's sides.

Finding it impossible, on account of the severity of the weather and the accumulation of ice in the hold, to secure an amount of cargo commensurate with the effort, the men scattered along the beach to recover the casks of brandy and cases of wine that had been washed ashore.

#### THE SYSTEM OF WRECKING

has become quite an art, and it may truly be said that wreckers are born, not made. The United States Coast Wrecking Company, the only organization of its kind that enjoys a healthy existence, is, in the points of experience and working materials, the most extensive ever known in this country. During the summer months about seventy men are employed; but through the winter season the number runs as high as four hundred, operating along the Atlantic, Gulf of Mexico, and Northern Lakes' Coasts.

A wrecker passes from before the mast to the successive grades of engineer, captain, foreman, and agent, and becomes in time a skillful sailor, surferman, engineer, sailing-master, and executive officer. The agents are all veterans, and are stationed at the most dangerous localities along the coast. As soon as a serious accident befalls a ship, the agent summons a wrecking-party sufficient in number for the work, and the operation of saving the cargo commences. The Board of Underwriters and the Custom House authorities are then notified, who immediately dispatch an agent and inspector to look after their respective interests.

The wrecker's salary ranges from \$30 to \$150 per month and board, which is always of the most substantial kind.

The vocation is an exciting, extremely dangerous and nerve-trying one, and appeals alike to the hearty sympathies of the public in general and the consideration of mercantile parties in particular.

#### FREDERICUS REX (OLD FRITZ).

##### A FAVORITE SONG IN THE PRUSSIAN CAMP.

FREDERICUS REX, our King and our Lord,  
He called to his soldiers to buckle on sword,  
Two hundred battalions, of squadrons ten score,  
And to each man some sixty cartouches or more.

"You rascals!" His Majesty was pleased to say,  
"Like men every one you serve me to-day;  
They grudge me Silesia, the Grafschaft of Glatz,  
And the one hundred millions looked up in our Platz."

"The Empress and French are in league as I find,  
And the Empire of Rome with the pair has combined;  
The Russians have fallen on Prussian land, too—  
Up and show them what Prussians in earnest can do."

"My Generals Schwerin and Field-Marshal Keith,  
With Zlethen, are ready and armed to the teeth;  
Pots Mohren, Blitz, Hagel, French look to your ears,  
You little know Fritz and his old Grenadiers."

"Now, Louisa, adieu! Don't cry; never fear,  
Some bullets fly crooked remember, my dear;  
If each bullet went straight and plump into its mark,  
We kings should be soon left alone in the dark."

"The musket-ball makes but a little round hole,  
The cannon-ball knocks apart body and soul;  
The bullets are all made of iron and lead,  
Yet many a shot misses many a head."

"Their guns of calibre are smaller and fewer;  
From Prussia the foe get no cannon, be sure;  
The Swedes have such cursed bad money,  
You know;  
What the Austrians have, time will speedily show."

Fredericus Rex, whom the laurel wreath crowns,  
If you'd only but now and then plunder some towns;

Fredericus Rex, ere your banner was furled,  
We'd chase you the devil clean out of the world.

#### SOME LEGENDS OF THE NEW ENGLAND COAST.

BY MRS. HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

##### ILLUSTRATED.

##### V.

#### NEWBURYPORT.

LEAVING Salem behind, the traveler passes beautiful Beverly, the home of Lucy Larcom, and whose beach is neighbor of the wonderful singing one where the sands make mystical music under foot, passes the little town which Gall Hamilton renders interesting by living there, passes Ipswich, the old Agawam, the picture of an English village, in a dimple between hills, and with the tides of its quiet river curving about it, passes ancient Rowley, and arrives at another historic and famous town, whose rulers once changed its name to Portland, but whose people scorned to do so much as even to refuse the new name, but continued to the present day to call it Newburyport.

Newburyport is in some external respects not unlike the neighboring towns of note, but in others she is a place by herself. Situated on the Merrimack—the busiest river in the world, and one of the loveliest, and whose banks, owing to the configuration of the coast, seem here, like the Nile banks, to run out and push back the sea that it may have the greater room to expand its beauty in—the town has both a scenic and a social isolation which has had a great deal to do with the characteristics of its population. These characteristics, with but one or two exceptions, have been the same for all time, since time began for Newburyport. It is true that the municipality, which once petitioned General Court to relieve it of the burden of the old wandering negress Juniper, has so far improved as now to be giving a pauper outside the almshouse an allowance out of which he has built him a cottage in an adjoining town, and bought him some shares of railroad stock; but for the rest, the place has known no change; it has not varied from its dullness since the Embargo laid a heavy hand upon it and the Great Fire scattered ashes over it, and the people mind their own business to-day just as thoughtlessly as they did when they pronounced the verdict upon the body of Elizabeth Hunt in 1693, "We judge, according to our best light and contents, that the death of said Elizabeth Hunt was . . . by some sudden stopping of her breath." Strangers come into town, stay a while, and depart, leaving behind them some trail of romance or of misbehavior—the citizen takes small heed of them, and presently forgets them; so rarely do they assimilate themselves with the population, that the names there to-day are the names to be found in the chronicles of 1635, and, unaltered with strange blood, generations hand down a name till it comes to stand for a trait. The people, too, have a singular intelligence for a community not metropolitan, possibly because, being a seafaring tribe, their intercourse with foreign countries enlightens them to an unusual degree. The town, except for one religious revival that lasted forty days, suspended business, drew up the shipping in the dock, and absorbed master and mistress,

man and maid, has seldom been disturbed by any undue contagion of popular feeling, has seldom followed a fashion in politics unsuggested by its own necessities, and has been in fact as sufficient to itself as the dew of Eden. The dissimilarity of its population from that of other places is only illustrated by the story of a sailor, impressed into the British Navy too hurriedly to get the address of a friend, and who, after tossing about the world for fifty years, returned home and advertised for "an old shipmate whom he desired to share a fortune with." Neither has the town ever been a respecter of persons, but, democratic in the true acceptance of the term, wealth is but little accounted where almost every one is comfortable, talent gives no more pre-eminence than can be grasped by means of it, and if it were the law now, as it was then, five leading citizens would just as easily be arrested and fined for being absent from town-meeting at eight o'clock in the morning as they were in 1638. United to all this there is an extremely independent way of thinking hereditary among the people. In 1649 Thomas Scott paid a fine of ten shillings rather than learn the catechism, and was allowed to do so; a century later, Richard Bartlet refused communion with a church whose pastor wore a wig, asserting with assurance that all who wore wigs, unless repenting before death, would certainly be damned; not long before, the Rev. John Tufts here struck a death-blow at Puritanism by issuing a book of twenty-seven psalm-tunes to be sung in public worship, five tunes only having previously been used; an act so stoutly contested as an inroad of the Scarlet Woman—for, said his opponents, it is first singing by rule, then praying by rule, and then popery—that it was probably owing to the persecutions of the long warfare that subsequently the innovator left his parish in dudgeon under a charge of indecent behavior; and though none of the churches reached the point attained by one some dozen miles away, which voted, "This meeting, not having unity with John Collins's testimony, desires him to be silent till the Lord speak by him to the satisfaction of the meeting," yet there stands on the record the instruction to a committee appointed to deal with certain recusants, "to see if something could not be said or done to draw them to our communion again, and if we cannot draw them by fair means, then to determine what means to take with them." Some one once said that Newburyport was famous for its piety and privateering, but in these instructions the piety and privateering are oddly intermingled. This same independence of thought found notable expression when, in the early days, Boston and Salem, alarmed at the incursions of the Indians, proposed to the next settlements the building of a stone wall eight feet high to inclose them all, as a rampart against the common foe; which proposition Newburyport scouted with disdain, and declared the wall should be a living one, made of men, and forthwith built a garrison-house on her borders. And it is the same quality that afterward appeared when, some time previous to the Boston tea-party, the first act of the Revolution was signaled in Newburyport by the confiscation of a cargo of tea under direction of the town authorities; and that prompted the Stamp Act Riots, and made it a fact that not a single British stamp was ever paid for or used in Newburyport; and that, during all the long and trying struggle of the Revolution, did not allow a single town-school to be suspended. The old town has no trivial history, as these circumstances might intimate. Long before the Revolution, at the popular uprising and the imprisonment of Sir Edmund Andros, old Sam Bartlet galloped off, so eager for the fray, that "his long rusty sword, trailing on the ground, left, as it came in contact with the stones in the road, a stream of fire all the way." It was Lieutenant Jacques, of Newburyport, who put an end to the war with the Norridgewock Indians, by killing their ally and inciter, the French Jesuit, Sebastian Rallé. Here Arnold's expedition against Quebec encamped and recruited; and here were built and manned not only the privateers, that the better feeling of to-day calls pirates, which raked British commerce to the value of millions into this port, but the sloop Wasp, which fought as fiercely as her namesake fights, in three months capturing thirteen merchantmen, engaging four ships-of-the-line, and finally, after a bitter struggle, going down with all her men at the guns and all her colors flying. It is still interesting to read of her exploits, copied in the Journal of the old Marine Insurance rooms as the news came in day by day, and to fancy the ardor and spirit with which those lines were penned by hands long since ashes; ardor and spirit universally shared, since, before that brief career of valor, Newburyport had, on the 31st of May, anticipated the Declaration of Independence, published on the 19th of July following, by instructing the Congress at Philadelphia that, if the Colonies should be declared independent, "this town will, with their lives and fortunes, support them in the measure." Here, too, was built the first ship that ever displayed our flag upon the Thames, a broom at her peak that day, after Van Tromp's fashion, to tell the story of how she had swept the seas. Nor is the town unfamiliar with such daring deeds as that done, during the Revolution, when a British transport of four guns was observed in the bay veering and tacking to and fro through the fog, as if uncertain of her whereabouts, and, surmising that she supposed herself in Boston Bay, Captain Olin Boardman, with his men, went off in a whaleboat and offered his services to pilot her in, the offer being of course accepted, the ship hove to, and Captain Olin Boardman presently standing on the quarter-deck exchanging the usual greetings with the master of the transport while his companions mounted to his side; that done, he suddenly turned and ordered the British flag to be struck, his order was executed, and, wholly overpowered in their surprise, the crew and the transport were safely carried over the bar and moored at the wharves

in Newburyport. Indeed, her history declares the place to have been in other respects far in advance of many of her contemporaries; she had, not only the first of our ships upon the Thames, but the first chain-bridge in America, as well as the first toll-bridge, initiated the first insurance company, had the first incorporated woolen mill, the first incorporated academy, the first female high school, two of the first members of the Anti-Slavery Society, which numbered twelve in all, the first volunteer company for the Revolution, the first volunteer company against the Rebellion, the first bishop, and the first graduate of Harvard—the last at a time when sundry students guilty of misdemeanors were publicly whipped by the president, a punishment, whether unfortunately or otherwise, now out of date in that institution, to which Newburyport has given some presidents and many professors. Washington, Lafayette, Talleyrand, have all made some spot in the town famous, one living here, one being entertained here, and one performing his great sleeping-act in a bed in the old Prince House. From here Brissot went back to France to die on the scaffold of the Girondists. Here Whitefield died and lies entombed. Here Parson Milton, that son of thunder, used to make his evening family prayer a pattern for preachers: "O Lord! keep us this night from the assassin, the incendiary, and the devil, for Christ's sake, amen." Here the weighty jurist Theophilus Parsons was born and bred; here John Quincy Adams and Rufus King studied law; here Cushing rose, and Garrison, and Gough; here the great giver George Peabody once dwelt and often came; here John Pierrepont wrote his best verses; here the artist Bricher first found inspiration; here Harriet Livermore, that ardent missionary of the East whom "Snow-bound" celebrates, was born; here the Lowell sprung; hardly more than a gunshot off, on one side, is the ancestral home of the Longfellow, and, on the other, Whittier lives and sings. Here, also, has been the home of various inventors of renown; the compressibility of water was here discovered; here steel engraving by a simple and beautiful process was invented; here the machine for making nails, which had previously been painfully hammered out one by one; here an instrument for measuring the speed with which a ship goes through the sea, and here a new span for timber bridges, used now on most of our larger rivers, bridging the Merrimack, Kennebec, Connecticut, and Schuylkill; almost every mechanic, indeed, has some fancy on which he spends his leisure, one amusing himself with making the delicate calculations necessary, and then just as delicately burnishing brazen reflectors for telescopes, before his heart was broken by those refractors with which Safford and Tuttle (both connected with the town) have swept the sky; another occupying himself, to the neglect of business, with the model of a machine in which all his soul was rapt, and which, unknown to him, an ancient had invented a couple of thousand years ago, while others are busy with the more useful low-water reporters, and with those improvements in the manufacture of tobacco which have all sprung from a son of the town. It is in mechanics that Newburyport has always excelled; her shipyards once lined all the water-side there; shortly after the Revolution, wishing to export lumber, and having but few ships, she bound the lumber together in firm rafts, with a cavity in the centre for provisions and possible shelter, and furnishing them with secure though rude sailing apparatus, consigned them to the winds and waves, and after voyages of twenty-six days they were registered in their ports on the other side of the Atlantic; but before that experiment her ships were, and they still are, models to the whole world, for here were launched those fleetest clippers that ever cut the wave, the Dreadnaught and the Racer. They go out, but they never come back; great East Indianmen no longer ride at anchor in her offing as they used to do; the bar of the Merrimack, which once in about a hundred years accumulates into such an insuperable obstacle that the waters find a new channel, is a foe they do not care to face when once piloted safely over its white line; and, though many things have been done with piers, and buoys, and a breakwater built by Government and crushed like a toy by the next storm, it still binds its spell about Newburyport commerce. Possibly if, by any other magic, the town could ever grow sufficiently to require the filling up of the flats, then the stream, inclosed in a narrower and deeper channel, would find sufficient force to drive before it the envious sands which now the Cape Ann currents sweep into its mouth.

Nevertheless, the bar alone is not adequate to account for the financial misfortunes of the town; ships go up to New Orleans over much more dangerous waters; and the Embargo of the early part of the century bears by far the greater responsibility. Then the great hulks rotted at the wharves unused, with tar-barrels, which the angry sailors called Madison's Night-caps, inverted over the topmasts to save the rigging, while their crews patrolled the streets in riotous and hungry bands, and observed the first anniversary of the Embargo Act with tolling bells, minute-guns, flags at half-mast, and a procession with muffled drums and crapes. Perhaps it was owing to this state of feeling in the town that the old slanders of her showing blue-lights to the befogged enemy arose. Together with the Embargo came the Great Fire; every wooden town has suffered a conflagration, and Newburyport has always been a prey to the incendiary; but her celebrated fire broke out on a spring night some sixty years ago, when nearly every one was wrapped in the first slumber, and spread with the speed of the lightnings over a track of more than sixteen acres, in the most compact and wealthy portion of the town. Such an immense property was destroyed that the whole place was impoverished; many families were totally beggared; people hurried to the scene from a dozen miles away; women passed the buckets in the



ranks, and helpless crowds swung to and fro in the thoroughfares. The spectacle is described by an old chronicler as having been terribly sublime; the wind, changing, blew strongly, and drove the flames in fresh directions, where they leaped in awful columns high into the air, and stretched a sheet of fire from street to street; the moon became obscured in the murky atmosphere that hung above the town, but the town itself was lighted as brilliantly as by day, and the heat melted the glass in the windows of houses not destroyed; while the crash of falling walls, the roaring of chimneys like distant thunder, the volumes of flames wallowing upward from the ruins and filling the air with a shower of fire into which the birds fluttered and dropped, the weird reflection in the river, the lowing of the cattle, the cries of distress from the people, made the scene cruelly memorable; and though afterward that portion of the town was rebuilt with brick, Newburyport never recovered from the shock and loss. Some years subsequently a boy of seventeen was convicted of another arson, and in spite of much exertion to the contrary, expiated the penalty of the law. But a flaming Nemesis fell upon the town, perhaps for having allowed the boy's execution, and ever since that time other incendiaries, emulous of his example, have constantly made it their victim; one, in particular, being so frequent in his attempts, that on a windy or stormy night the blaze was so sure to burst forth that the citizens could not sleep in their beds; he appeared to be the subject of a mania for burning churches, almost all of the sixteen in town having been fired, sometimes two together, and on several occasions successfully; and no dweller in Newburyport will easily forget the night on which the old North Church was burned, when every flake of the wild snow-storm seemed to be a spark of fire, and more than one superstitious wretch, plunging out into the gale, could find no centre to the universal glare, and shuddered with fright in belief that the Day of Judgment had come at last.

But one extraordinary thing or another is always happening in Newburyport; if it is not a fire, it is a gale; and if it is not a gale, it is an earthquake. The situation of the town is very fine. As you approach it by land, bleak fields and lichened boulders warn you of the inhospitable sea-coast; but once past their barrier, and you are in the midst of gardens. The town lies on a gentle hillside, with such slope and gravelly bottom that an hour after the heaviest rains its streets afford good walking. Behind it lies an excellent glacial moraine and a champaign country, shut in by low hills, and once, most probably, the bed of the river. Its adjacent territory is netted in rivers and rivulets; the broad Merrimack, with its weird and strange estuary, imprisoned by Plum Island; the Artichoke, a succession of pools lying in soft, semi-shadows beneath the overhanging growth of beech and oak, and feathery elms lighting the darker masses, each pool enfolded in such wise that one sees no outlet, but slides along with the slow tide, lifts a bough, and slips into the next, where some white-stemmed birch perhaps sends a perpetual rustle through the slumberous air, a wild grape-vine climbs from branch to branch, or an early reddening tupelo shakes its gay mantle in the scattered sun, and with its reflex in the dark transparency, wakens one from half the sleepy spell of the enchantment there; these streams, with the Quasacumquon or Parker, the Little, Pow-wow, Back, and Rowley rivers, with their slender, but foaming black and white affluents, all make it a place of meadows; and he who desires to see a meadow in perfection, full of emerald and golden tints, and claret shadows, withdrawing into distance till lost in the sparkle of the sea, must seek it here, where Heade found material for his exquisite and dainty marsh and meadow views.

Running on the ridge of the hill is the High street, six miles long from bridge to bridge, yielding perpetual pictures of the sea, the light-houses, the river, the sun-bathed back-country, while several of its dwellings, embowered in their princely gardens, one of which the British Minister has for a summer residence, command an ocean view stretching from Portland to Gloucester, flecked with the white sails of the fishing-fleets, and with the dark trail of the smoke of foreign-going steamers in the horizon.

The scenery around the town, it may thus be imagined, is something of unusual beauty; on one side are to be had the deciduous woods of the Stackyard Gate, where the carriage-wheels crackle through winding miles of fragrant brake and fern, and on the other the stately pines and hemlocks of Follymill, the air sweet as an orange-grove with resinous perfume, while the river-road to Haverhill, with West Amesbury swathed in azure mist upon the opposite hill, and sapphire reaches of the stream unfolding one after another, is a series of raptures. The people, well acquainted with the beauty that surrounds them, are very fond of their chief river; it is the scene of frolicking the summer long, and in winter its black and ice-edged tides seem to be the only pulses of the frozen town. To some the life upon this river is only play, to others it is deadly earnest, for a large portion of those who live along the banks on the Water street, the most picturesque of the highways, are fishermen and their households, familiar with all the dangers of the seas—the babies there rocked in a dory, the men, sooner or later, wrecked upon the Georges; meanwhile the men mackerel all summer down in the Bay of Chaleurs, pilot off and on the coast dark nights and dreary days, run the bar and the breakers with a storm following the keel; many of them, as they advance in life, leave their seafaring and settle down at shoe-making, or buy a plot of land and farm it in an untutored way, but just as many find their last home in a grave rolled between two waves.

When a storm comes up, and the fog-banks

sweep in from sea, hiding the ray of the twin harbor-lights, and the rote upon the beach which every night is heard through the quiet streets beating like a heart, swells into a sullen and unbroken roar—when the shipyards are afloat, the water running breast-high across the wharves, the angry tides rising knee-deep in the lower lanes, and the spray tossed over the tops of the houses there whose foundations begin to tremble and whose dwellers fly for safety, then the well-sheltered people up in the remote High street, where nothing is known of the storm but the elms tossing their boughs about, may have sorry fancies of some vessel driving on Plum Island, of parting decks and of unpitied cries in the horror of blackness and breaker—may even hear the minute-guns in pauses of the gale; but the stress of weather falls upon the homes and hearts of these watchers on the Water street, for to them each swell and burst of the blast mean danger to their own roof and the life snatched from a husband's or a father's lips. Mrs. E. Vale Smith in her history of Newburyport makes thrilling mention of these storms, with the wrecks of the *Primrose*, the *Pocahontas*, the *Argus*, and others, and every resident of the place has had before his eyes the picture which she draws of "the heavy moaning of the sea—a bark vainly striving to clear the breakers—blinding snow—a slippery deck—stiff and glazed ropes—hoarse commands that the cruel winds seize and carry far away from the ear of the sailor—a crash of tons of falling water beating in the hatches—shrieks which no man heard, and ghastly corpses on the deceitful, shifting sands, and the great ocean-cemetery still holding in awful silence the lost bodies of the dead." Such things, of course, make the place the home of romance, and Mr. George Lunt, a poet of no mean pretensions and a native of the town, has founded his novel of "Eastford" on the incidents its daily life affords.

Newburyport has also known the effects of other convulsions of nature; a hailstorm, with a deposit twelve inches in depth, is still spoken of there, together with snowstorms tunneled from door to door, a northeaster that blew the spray of the sea a dozen miles inland and loaded the orchard boughs with salt crystals, and whirlwinds mighty enough to blow down one meeting-house and to lift another with all the people in it and set it in a different spot—whirlwinds coming a quarter of a century too soon, as, if they had but moved a meeting-house there at a later day, a parish would not have been so divided on the question of location as straightway to become, one-half of them, Episcopalians for whom Queen Anne endowed a chapel. But worse than whirlwinds, storms, fires, or the devastating yellow-fever that once nearly decimated the place, were the earthquakes that for more than a hundred years, at one period, held high carnival there, and are still occasionally felt. The first of these occurred in 1638, on the noon of a summer day, as the colonists, assembled in town-meeting, were discussing their unfledged affairs. We can well imagine their consternation, just three years established, their houses built, woods felled, fields largely cleared, and the June corn just greenly springing up, to find that their encampment on this spot, so rich in soil, so convenient to the sea, so well guarded from the Indian, had left them the prey to an enemy whose terrors were so much worse than all others in the degree in which they partook of the dark, unknown, and infinite. It was not long before another earthquake followed the first, its trembling and vibration and sudden shocks preceded, as that had been, by a roar like the bursting of great guns, while birds forsook their nests, dogs howled, and the whole brute creation manifested the extreme of terror; by-and-by there came one that lasted a week, with six or eight shocks a day, then one where the shocks were repeated for half an hour without any cessation, and presently others where the ground opened and left fissures a foot in width, where sailors on the coast supposed their vessels to have struck, the sea roared and swelled, flashes of fire ran along the ground, amazing noises were heard like peals and claps of thunder, walls and chimneys fell, cellars opened, floating islands were formed, springs were made dry in one site and burst out in another, and tons of fine white sand were thrown up, which, being cast upon the coals, burnt like brimstone. Various causes have been assigned to these earthquakes, not the least absurd of which was the supposition of a cave reaching from the sea to the headwaters of the Merrimack, filled with gases, into which the high tides rushing made the occurrence of the phenomena; but as they have always appeared in connection with more tremendous disturbances in other parts of the world, it is probable that they are but the same pulsations of the old earth's arteries, felt in Vesuvius or Peru with more terrible effect. Although there have been more than two hundred of these convulsions, nobody was ever seriously injured by their means, and so used to them did the people become, that finally they are spoken of in their records merely as "the earthquake," as one would speak of any natural event, of the tide or of the moon. For the last century, however, their outbursts have been of very infrequent occurrence, and have nowise marred the repose of the sweet old place, which now and then awakens to storm or fever sufficient to prevent stagnation, but for the most part slumbers on serenely by its riverside, the ideal of a large and ancient country-town, peaceful enough, and almost beautiful enough, for Paradise.

When a diamond is used to cut hot glass, the diamond will only last for one day, and it assumes a milky appearance. The diamonds in constant use for cutting cold glass last about three months. Each diamond costs from \$8 to \$12, and is about the size of an ordinary glazier's diamond. Hot glass is cut more readily than cold glass.

## INSIDE PARIS:

## BALLOON-SKETCH—THE ASPECT OF THE BOULEVARDS.

THE Mobiles of France, as contrasted with the Nationaux, are of a far more contented nature, and less epicurean in their tastes. Perhaps the most noticeable feature of the Moblot is his continual gaiety. He will laugh and joke when others grumble, and is philosopher enough to make the best of everything. His camp is, for the time, his chief pride. In the contracted quarters of the city he has little scope for practicing taste in the arrangement and embellishment of his temporary home; but what he lacks in art he makes up in wit. On the Boulevard de Clichy his life crept along in rather a monotonous channel; still, he adapted himself to circumstances with good grace, and sifted a wholesome amount of enjoyment and fun from the events of the siege.

## MISS VINNIE REAM'S STATUE OF LINCOLN.

At the unvailing of Miss Ream's *chef d'œuvre*, January 25th, in the Rotunda of the Capitol at Washington, a distinguished throng filled and temporarily gave a use to that impracticable chamber, which was never turned to account before, and which usually goes by the name of the Spittoon. The dais was occupied by President Grant, Vice-President Colfax, General Sherman, Judge Davis, the Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds, and the orators.

Senator Morrill, of Vermont, rose and said that four years ago a little girl was employed in the Post-Office at \$600 a year, but she had faith that she could do something better. Congress gave her an order to execute a statue of the late President Lincoln. Statue and artist were now before the spectators. Senator Trumbull, General Banks, Representative Brooks and Senator Carpenter followed, with appropriate eloquence. Grant, the silent, looked on contemplatively, and Colfax—smiled. Mr. Carpenter introduced the sculptor, who bowed to the assembly with that winning grace which had already "tamed the mighty hearts of Captains and of Kings."

Vinnie Ream went to Europe nearly two years ago, accompanied by her parents, to put this statue, already modeled in America, in Carrara marble. Her time was chiefly spent in Rome, though she traveled extensively on the Continent. She was in Paris three months. She did not content herself with simply executing the commission of the Government. An ideal work called "Sappho," of life-size, and the "Spirit of the Carnival," a girl throwing flowers, of half life-size, were her first works while abroad, and they are now to be put in marble in Italy. Two of her earliest models she carried with her, and they are also being put in marble. Besides, at Paris, she modeled busts of Doré and Père Hyacinthe; at Munich, Kaulbach, the celebrated German painter, who painted the famous Berlin frescoes; at Rome, Liszt and Cardinal Antonelli; at Vienna, John Jay; and at London, Mr. Spurgeon. These were all made from sittings by the different persons. From several of these personages Miss Ream has valuable souvenirs. Antonelli gave her, among other things, a locket, with the head of Christ exquisitely cut in stone cameo. Doré presented her with a drawing on wood of one of his Bible pictures, "Judith." She received kindly encouragement from the aged portrait-painter Heally, Mr. Story, John Jay, our Minister to Vienna, and others.

Of her great work we fancy we had better let the engraving—a tracing from the study made in the Capitol by our ambulant photographer—speak for itself. It is probable that, as the only illustrated American paper that gives paramount attention to American art, this newspaper should append a conscientious criticism to the sketch. But American opinion has decided to exempt, from personal considerations, the work of Miss Ream and other lady artists from any exact estimate; and we fancy that a suffering and heroic posterity will be competent, at a day when those considerations shall have vanished, to put the right value on the work.

In the regalia-rooms under the Treasury at Washington, which have become the general receptacle for articles deposited for safe-keeping, Treasurer Spinner keeps a number of strange things. There are General Twiggs's silver-mounted swords, also those historic arms whose silver ornaments attracted the curious, and were afterward put in the vault by order of the War Department, to keep them from exciting the morbid curiosity of Southern visitors. Besides these, there is a lot of fine shawls and other gifts presented to different Presidents, and put in the vault to keep the moths out of them. Then there are a number of old boots and shoes, several sets of patent corsets, two smoked hams, an assortment of dried onions, twelve bags of goose-feathers, a bundle of pepper-colored kid gloves, a bottle of otter of roses, valued at \$800, presented to President Van Buren by the Imam of Siam, nineteen bars of blue pill, four dozen boxes of hooks and eyes, a bunch of love-letters from Aaron Burr to Mrs. Blennerhassett, and several *billets doux* written by President Jackson to Mrs. Eaton. There is also some cash belonging to the United States, but, being mixed with all these other queer things, a special act of Congress is required to separate the genuine money from the queer.

COINAGE FOR 1870.—The report of the Directors of the United States Mint shows that the deposits of bullion at the mint and branches during the fiscal year were as follows: Gold, \$29,485,268.45; silver, \$3,504,942.51. Total deposits, \$32,990,210.96. Deducting the redeposits of bars made at one branch of the mint and redeposited in another for coinage, the amount will be \$30,498,788.10. The coinage for the same period was as follows: Gold coin, number of pieces, 1,156,687; value, \$22,257,312.50; unparted and fine gold bars, \$7,846,052.25; silver coin, pieces, \$4,649,398; value, \$1,767,253.50; silver bars, \$902,800.66; nickel, copper, and bronze pieces, 18,154,000; value, \$611,445. Total number of pieces struck, 23,961,292; total value of coinage, \$33,384,863.91.

## PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

THE father of the late Peter Richings was a Vice-Admiral in the British navy.

REV. DR. E. T. FITCH, Professor of Divinity at Yale College, died on the 31st ult.

ADOLPH BOETTGER, one of the most noted of the modern poets of Germany, died near Leipzig, last month.

HERR BAEDER, the compiler of the well-known guide-books for travelers, has been serving before Paris as a lieutenant in the Prussian landwehr.

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS weighs hardly more than eighty pounds. Ex-Queen Isabella weighs quite to the contrary—two hundred and thirty-eight—and is growing.

THE Rev. Thomas H. Skinner, D.D., one of the most distinguished professors in the Union Theological Seminary, died February 1st, in the eightieth year of his age.

THE widow of General Prim has been made, by royal decree, a duchess, and her son, Don Juan Prim, Duke of Castillejos.

MR. WILLIAM DAVIS, of Howard County, Md., saw the village of Marriottsville, in that State liked it, and bought it for \$20,000.

A COLORED man of Harrisburgh, Pa., named Chester, is making a sensation in London as a lawyer, especially by his great success in criminal cases.

FATHER HYACINTHE contemplates another visit to the United States next autumn, convinced that he did not see half enough of the country when he was here before.

CHAUNCEY ROSE, of Terre Haute, has given \$100,000 for a Presbyterian College in Indiana—this making \$300,000 he has given to charitable and educational enterprises.

MR. CRESSWELL has supplied the Postal Department at Washington with a collection of portraits of Postmasters-General from Franklin down to himself—over forty in all.

LORD PENZANCE, in his capacity of head of the Probate Court of England, has granted to Madame Lynch letters of administration upon the will of ex-President Lopez, of Paraguay.

BISHOP CLARKSON, of Nebraska, reports that of the 75,000 Indians in the bounds of his diocese, 15,000 attend religious services. He thinks the effort for their civilization has been successful.

THE Rev. Dr. Emerson is in the sixty-sixth year of his pastorate over the South Church, at Salem, Mass. He is ninety-four years old, but preaches as regularly as he did sixty-six years ago.

FATHER HYACINTHE, it is said, is receiving great attention in London from most of the magnates of Church and State. All are expecting great things from him as the leader of an anti-Papal movement in the Catholic Church.

MRS. MARY GREENOUGH died at Syracuse, N. Y., aged 90, recently. She was the widow of William Greenough, the largest publisher of Bibles in the country prior to the Bible Society, and the first printer of fine books in America.

BISHOP PAYNE, of the African Methodist Episcopal Church (a colored man), in his youth belonged to the Lutherans, and was educated at Gettysburg. He is the President of Wilberforce University, near Xenia, O., and is highly spoken of as a minister and scholar.

THE German custom of celebrating copper, silver and golden weddings is generally known, but a diamond wedding, the sixtieth anniversary, is of rare occurrence. It has just, however, been observed by Field Marshal Count Wrangel, the oldest soldier in the Prussian army. On the 26th of December, 1810, the then Lieutenant Wrangel married fräulein Bulow.

GAIL HAMILTON has been gazed upon by a newspaper man in Washington, who places upon record, for the benefit of future historians, the ensuing statement: "She is rather small, has a round, fresh, and happy-looking face, blue eyes and brown hair, worn short, or sort of curled or frizzled. She is animated in conversation, talks as she writes, is witty, fond of jokes, and must be jolly to have around. She doesn't look a bit pedantic or blue-stockinged, and, judging from her face, she could pass nicely for twenty-five years old."

PROFESSOR J. K. HAMILTON WILLCOX, who had an interview last summer with General Prim, in the Ministerio at Madrid, thus photographs him: "One library-table stood on the right of the door, between it and the wall sat a middle-sized man, not the least Spanish in look, not the least like the gentleman whom I had seen come in with an escort. This man looked like a German and the head of a bureau, with a half-worn, greenish-black coat, an old pair of steel spectacles, short, black, curly hair, sprinkled with gray, and standing up as if its owner often ran his fingers through it, and a bright-blue thread twining itself among the ambrosial locks that overarched his unconscious brow."

THE following will of Kosciuszko, complete, recorded May 15, 1810, in the Albemarle (Va.) County Clerk's office, was filed out, lately, after lying half a century or so undisturbed. It does not appear that anything was ever done to carry out the provisions of the will, which is given herewith *verbatim et literatim*:

"I, Thaddeus Kosciuszko, being just in my departure from America, do declare and direct that, should I make no other testamentary disposition of my property in the United States, I hereby authorize my friend Thomas Jefferson to employ the whole thereof in purchasing negroes from among his own or any other, and giving them liberty in my name, in giving them an education in trades or otherwise, and in having them instructed for their new condition in the duties of morality which may make them good neighbors, good fathers, or good mothers, husbands or wives, and in their duties as citizens teaching them to be defenders of their liberty and country and of the good order of society, and in whatever may make them happy and useful; and I make the said Thomas Jefferson my executor of this.

"T. KOSCIUSKO.  
"5th day of May, 1798."

A CORRESPONDENT of the Oshkosh (Wis.) *Northwestern* thus describes the proprietor of the Shawano and New London stage line, Paul Farinacci: "He was born near Brindisi, Italy, not far from the birthplace of Virgil. When grown to manhood, he studied for the priesthood and emigrated to America. Old residents of Oshkosh will remember him, for more than twenty years ago he was the only Catholic priest in this part of the State. At Oshkosh, while acting in his capacity as a priest, he joined the Freemasons, and was immediately expelled from the Catholic Church. He soon after married, and since then has devoted his attention to farming, stage-driving, horse-trading, etc. He is a man more than thirty years of age, reads and speaks his native Italian, Latin, French and German fluently, and with the grace of a polished scholar. While alone on his stage, he makes the old pine woods resound with Italian songs; and when he is irritated, he swears in any one of five languages. He has written considerably for Eastern periodicals in former times, but not lately. His knowledge of the Greek and Latin classics is said to be very complete, but this does not make him a better stage-driver. This man in the pine woods of the North has the elements of two or three novels in his past career."



travelers. A large stove stood in the centre, a hastily-improvised table on the right, and at the far end lay the blankets, canvas clothes, boots and bundles of the wreckers. Suspended from the ridge-spar was a gorgeous chandelier, reminding one of the like luxuries seen in the tents of the old Army of the Potomac, casting a soft but unsteady light about the crowded apartment, and large drops of tallow upon those standing before the stove. To give a more home-like appearance to the tent, a large looking-glass on a side spar caught some superb figures and faces, and a side of beef by its weight kept the sea end of the tent in pretty good subjection.

#### THE EVENING SPORTS OF THE WRECKERS

were as varied as the nationalities of the participants. We were scarcely within the tent when the table was spread, and an invitation was extended to eat ice-cream! Ice-cream, indeed, when we were so thoroughly protected against the cold weather that we could scarcely bend! But the prescription looked palatable, and afforded an opportunity of learning the "customs of the country." A soup-tureen was filled with snow, which was then thoroughly saturated with a mixture of brandy, eggs and sugar. Next came a dish of so-called "sounds and tongue," which possessed neither—until put in the mouth. This is a favorite dish of sailors, and the chief ingredient is taken from the back of the codfish. With this were handed coffee, strong enough for a spoon to stand upright in, and tea-biscuits that would sell in New York for loaves of bread. The two objects of a wrecker's life appear to consist of working and eating. When engaged in duty, he is the most laborious and faithful of men; when dining, human nature is exhibited in a remarkably generous and fantastic garb; sleep seems a necessity unknown to him.

After supper the men at the table commenced playing euchre, while a party crawled over their companions to the far end, and spread themselves for a game of penny-ante. There were stories shot forth by men whose faces appeared incapable of bearing smiles; puzzles, tricks of cards, corks and legerdemain loomed up; peals of laughter swept about the tent, and every one was happy. About two o'clock the next morning a number of men turned in, apparently for sleep, but they kept up a merriment that betrayed their purpose.

Then a little party surrounded the stove—the robust figure of Captain Prindle towering above the rest—while a long, square, telescopic sailor, Archie Wilson, the chief of the wreckers, was drawn up opposite. The latter was continually toasting hunks of beef on a broom-handle, and wondering about the

"Ten little Infants stand in a line,  
One ran away, and then there were nine;  
Nine little Infants swing in a gate,  
One fell off, and then there were eight."

At daylight the men turned out, ate a hearty breakfast, and then prepared to

#### WORK ON THE WRECK.

From the mizen-topmast of the bark a "telegraph" was run to the shore, being a stout hawser furnished with a block and long tackle, making, by passing over a block on the shore, an endless line. The large block was hauled ashore, when Captain Archie attached a looped rope to it, slung his active person in the loop, gave a signal, the men began heaving, and up he went on the "telegraph"—a pretty lively message. With a club he beat the ice from the hawser, and advanced steadily until he reached the main-top, when he went down the rigging, into the hold of the bark. Finding several tons of ice in the ship, he ascended in time to find "Steam-pump Joe," a sailor in charge of the engine used for pumping water from the hold, stepping over the gunwales. Several cases of wine were extricated from the ice, raised to the main-top attached to the large block, and sent ashore by the "telegraph." This course is pursued when the surf is too high to permit the use of surf-boats, which are loaded directly from the vessel's sides.

Finding it impossible, on account of the severity of the weather and the accumulation of ice in the hold, to secure an amount of cargo commensurate with the effort, the men scattered along the beach to recover the casks of brandy and cases of wine that had been washed ashore.

#### THE SYSTEM OF WRECKING

has become quite an art, and it may truly be said that wreckers are born, not made. The United States Coast Wrecking Company, the only organization of its kind that enjoys a healthy existence, is, in the points of experience and working materials, the most extensive ever known in this country. During the summer months about seventy men are employed; but through the winter season the number runs as high as four hundred, operating along the Atlantic, Gulf of Mexico, and Northern Lakes' Coasts.

A wrecker passes from before the mast to the successive grades of engineer, captain, foreman, and agent, and becomes in time a skillful sailor, surman, engineer, sailing-master, and executive officer. The agents are all veterans, and are stationed at the most dangerous localities along the coast. As soon as a serious accident befalls a ship, the agent summons a wrecking-party sufficient in number for the work, and the operation of saving the cargo commences. The Board of Underwriters and the Custom House authorities are then notified, who immediately dispatch an agent and inspector to look after their respective interests.

The wrecker's salary ranges from \$30 to \$150 per month and board, which is always of the most substantial kind.

The vocation is an exciting, extremely dangerous and nerve-trying one, and appeals alike to the hearty sympathies of the public in general and the consideration of mercantile parties in particular.

#### FREDERICUS REX (OLD FRITZ).

A FAVORITE SONG IN THE PRUSSIAN CAMP.

FREDERICUS REX, our King and our Lord,  
He called to his soldiers to buckle on sword,  
Two hundred battalions, of squadrons ten score,  
And to each man some sixty cartouches or more.

"You rascals!" His Majesty was pleased to say,  
"Like men every one you serve me to-day;  
They grudge me Silesia, the Grafschaft of Glatz,  
And the one hundred millions looked up in our Platz."

"The Empress and French are in league as I find,  
And the Empire of Rome with the pair has combined;  
The Russians have fallen on Prussian land, too—  
Up and show them what Prussians in earnest can do."

"My Generals Schwerin and Field-Marshal Keith,  
With Ziethen, are ready and armed to the teeth;  
Pots Mohren, Blitz, Hagel, French look to your ears,  
You little know Fritz and his old Grenadiers."

"Now, Louisa, adieu! Don't cry; never fear,  
Some bullets fly crooked remember, my dear;  
If each bullet went straight and plump into its mark,  
We kings should be soon left alone in the dark."

"The musket-ball makes but a little round hole,  
The cannon-ball knocks apart body and soul;  
The bullets are all made of iron and lead,  
Yet many a shot misses many a head."

"Their guns of calibre are smaller and fewer;  
From Prussia the foe get no cannon, be sure;  
The Swedes have such cursed bad money, you know;  
What the Austrians have, time will speedily show."

Fredericus Rex, whom the laurel wreath crowns,  
If you'd only but now and then plunder some towns;

Fredericus Rex, ere your banner was furled,  
We'd chase you the devil clean out of the world.

#### SOME LEGENDS OF THE NEW ENGLAND COAST.

BY MRS. HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

#### ILLUSTRATED.

#### V.

#### NEWBURYPORT.

LEAVING Salem behind, the traveler passes beautiful Beverly, the home of Lucy Larcom, and whose beach is neighbor of the wonderful singing one where the sands make mystical music under foot, passes the little town which Gall Hamilton renders interesting by living there, passes Ipswich, the old Agawam, the picture of an English village, in a dip between hills, and with the tides of its quiet river curving about it, passes ancient Rowley, and arrives at another historic and famous town, whose rulers once changed its name to Portland, but whose people scorned to do so much as even to refuse the new name, but continued to the present day to call it Newburyport.

Newburyport is in some external respects not unlike the neighboring towns of note, but in others she is a place by herself. Situated on the Merrimack—the busiest river in the world, and one of the loveliest, and whose banks, owing to the configuration of the coast, seem here, like the Nile banks, to run out and push back the sea that it may have the greater room to expand its beauty in—the town has both a scenic and a social isolation which has had a great deal to do with the characteristics of its population. These characteristics, with but one or two exceptions, have been the same for all time, since time began for Newburyport. It is true that the municipality, which once petitioned General Court to relieve it of the burden of the old wandering negress Juniper, has so far improved as now to be giving a pauper outside the almshouse an allowance out of which he has built him a cottage in an adjoining town, and bought him some shares of railroad stock; but for the rest, the place has known no change; it has not varied from its dullness since the Embargo laid a heavy hand upon it and the Great Fire scattered ashes over it, and the people mind their own business to-day just as thoughtlessly as they did when they pronounced the verdict upon the body of Elizabeth Hunt in 1693. "We judge, according to our best light and contents, that the death of said Elizabeth Hunt was . . . by some sudden stopping of her breath." Strangers come into town, stay a while, and depart, leaving behind them some trail of romance or of misbehavior—the citizen takes small heed of them, and presently forgets them; so rarely do they assimilate themselves with the population, that the names there to-day are the names to be found in the chronicles of 1635, and, unmixed with strange blood, generations hand down a name till it comes to stand for a trait. The people, too, have a singular intelligence for a community not metropolitan, possibly because, being a seafaring tribe, their intercourse with foreign countries enlightens them to an unusual degree. The town, except for one religious revival that lasted forty days, suspended business, drew up the shipping in the dock, and absorbed master and mistress,

man and maid, has seldom been disturbed by any undue contagion of popular feeling, has seldom followed a fashion in politics suggested by its own necessities, and has been in fact as sufficient to itself as the dew of Eden. The dissimilarity of its population from that of other places is only illustrated by the story of a sailor, impressed into the British Navy too hurriedly to get the address of a friend, and who, after tossing about the world for fifty years, returned home and advertised for "an old shipmate whom he desired to share a fortune with." Neither has the town ever been a respecter of persons, but, democratic in the true acceptance of the term, wealth is but little accounted where almost every one is comfortable, talent gives no more pre-eminence than can be grasped by means of it, and if it were the law now, as it was then, five leading citizens would just as easily be arrested and fined for being absent from town-meeting at eight o'clock in the morning as they were in 1638. United to all this there is an extremely independent way of thinking hereditary among the people. In 1649 Thomas Scott paid a fine of ten shillings rather than learn the catechism, and was allowed to do so; a century later, Richard Bartlet refused communion with a church whose pastor wore a wig, asserting with assurance that all who wore wigs, unless repenting before death, would certainly be damned; not long before, the Rev. John Tufts here struck a death-blow at Puritanism by issuing a book of twenty-seven psalm-tunes to be sung in public worship, five tunes only having previously been used; an act so stoutly contested as an inroad of the Scarlet Woman—for, said his opponents, it is first singing by rule, then praying by rule, and then popery—that it was probably owing to the persecutions of the long warfare that subsequently the innovator left his parish in dudgeon under a charge of indecent behavior; and though none of the churches reached the point attained by one some dozen miles away, which voted, "This meeting, not having unity with John Collins's testimony, desires him to be silent till the Lord speak by him to the satisfaction of the meeting," yet there stands on the record the instruction to a committee appointed to deal with certain recusants, "to see if something could not be said or done to draw them to our communion again, and if we cannot draw them by fair means, then to determine what means to take with them." Some one once said that Newburyport was famous for its piety and privateering, but in these instructions the piety and privateering are oddly intermingled. This same independence of thought found notable expression when, in the early days, Boston and Salem, alarmed at the incursions of the Indians, proposed to the next settlements the building of a stone wall eight feet high to inclose them all, as a rampart against the common foe; which proposition Newburyport scouted with disdain, and declared the wall should be a living one, made of men, and forthwith built a garrison-house on her borders. And it is the same quality that afterward appeared when, some time previous to the Boston tea-party, the first act of the Revolution was signaled in Newburyport by the confiscation of a cargo of tea under direction of the town authorities; and that prompted the Stamp Act Riots, and made it a fact that not a single British stamp was ever paid for or used in Newburyport; and that, during all the long and trying struggle of the Revolution, did not allow a single town-school to be suspended. The old town has no trivial history, as these circumstances might intimate. Long before the Revolution, at the popular uprising and the imprisonment of Sir Edmund Andros, old Sam Bartlet galloped off, so eager for the fray, that "his long rusty sword, trailing on the ground, left, as it came in contact with the stones in the road, a stream of fire all the way." It was Lieutenant Jacques, of Newburyport, who put an end to the war with the Norridgewock Indians, by killing their ally and inciter, the French Jesuit, Sebastian Rallé. Here Arnold's expedition against Quebec encamped and recruited; and here were built and manned not only the privateers, that the better feeling of to-day calls pirates, which raked British commerce to the value of millions into this port, but the sloop Wasp, which fought as fiercely as her namesake fights, in three months capturing thirteen merchantmen, engaging four ships-of-the-line, and finally, after a bitter struggle, going down with all her men at the guns and all her colors flying. It is still interesting to read of her exploits, copied in the journal of the old Marine Insurance rooms as the news came in day by day, and to fancy the ardor and spirit with which those lines were penned by hands long since ashes; ardor and spirit universally shared, since, before that brief career of valor, Newburyport had, on the 31st of May, anticipated the Declaration of Independence, published on the 19th of July following, by instructing the Congress at Philadelphia that, if the Colonies should be declared independent, "this town will, with their lives and fortunes, support them in the measure." Here, too, was built the first ship that ever displayed our flag upon the Thames, a broom at her peak that day, after Van Tromp's fashion, to tell the story of how she had swept the seas. Nor is the town unfamiliar with such daring deeds as that done, during the Revolution, when a British transport of four guns was observed in the bay veering and tacking to and fro through the fog, as if uncertain of her whereabouts, and, surmising that she supposed herself in Boston Bay, Captain Olin Boardman, with his men, went off in a whaleboat and offered his services to pilot her in, the offer being of course accepted, the ship hove to, and Captain Olin Boardman presently standing on the quarter-deck exchanging the usual greetings with the master of the transport while his companions mounted to his side; that done, he suddenly turned and ordered the British flag to be struck, his order was executed, and, wholly overpowered in their surprise, the crew and the transport were safely carried over the bar and moored at the wharves

in Newburyport. Indeed, her history declares the place to have been in other respects far in advance of many of her contemporaries; she had, not only the first of our ships upon the Thames, but the first chain-bridge in America, as well as the first toll-bridge, initiated the first insurance company, had the first incorporated woolen mill, the first incorporated academy, the first female high school, two of the first members of the Anti-Slavery Society, which numbered twelve in all, the first volunteer company for the Revolution, the first volunteer company against the Rebellion, the first bishop, and the first graduate of Harvard—the last at a time when sundry students guilty of misdemeanors were publicly whipped by the president, a punishment, whether unfortunately or otherwise, now out of date in that institution, to which Newburyport has given some presidents and many professors. Washington, Lafayette, Talleyrand, have all made some spot in the town famous, one living here, one being entertained here, and one performing his great sleeping-act in a bed in the old Prince House. From here Brissot went back to France to die on the scaffold of the Girondists. Here Whitefield died and lies entombed. Here Parson Milton, that son of thunder, used to make his evening family prayer a pattern for preachers: "O Lord! keep us this night from the assassin, the incendiary, and the devil, for Christ's sake, amen." Here the weighty jurist Theophilus Parsons was born and bred; here John Quincy Adams and Rufus King studied law; here Cushing rose, and Garrison, and Gough; here the great giver George Peabody once dwelt and often came; here John Pierpont wrote his best verses; here the artist Bricher first found inspiration; here Harriet Livermore, that ardent missionary of the East whom "Snow-bound" celebrates, was born; here the Lowells sprung; hardly more than a gunshot off, on one side, is the ancestral home of the Longfells, and, on the other, Whittier lives and sings. Here, also, has been the home of various inventors of renown; the compressibility of water was here discovered; here steel engraving by a simple and beautiful process was invented; here the machine for making nails, which had previously been painfully hammered out one by one; here an instrument for measuring the speed with which a ship goes through the sea, and here a new span for timber bridges, used now on most of our larger rivers, bridging the Merrimack, Kennebec, Connecticut, and Schuylkill; almost every mechanic, indeed, has some fancy on which he spends his leisure, one amusing himself with making the delicate calculations necessary, and then just as delicately burnishing brazen reflectors for telescopes, before his heart was broken by those refractors with which Safford and Tuttle (both connected with the town) have swept the sky; another occupying himself, to the neglect of business, with the model of a machine in which all his soul was rapt, and which, unknown to him, an ancient had invented a couple of thousand years ago, while others are busy with the more useful low-water reporters, and with those improvements in the manufacture of tobacco which have all sprung from a son of the town. It is in mechanics that Newburyport has always excelled; her shipyards once lined all the water-side there; shortly after the Revolution, wishing to export lumber, and having but few ships, she bound the lumber together in firm rafts, with a cavity in the centre for provisions and possible shelter, and furnishing them with secure though rude sailing apparatus, consigned them to the winds and waves, and after voyages of twenty-six days they were registered in their ports on the other side of the Atlantic; but before that experiment her ships were, and they still are, models to the whole world, for here were launched those fleetest clippers that ever cut the wave, the Dreadnaught and the Racer. They go out, but they never come back; great East Indians no longer ride at anchor in her offing as they used to do; the bar of the Merrimack, which once in about a hundred years accumulates into such an insuperable obstacle that the waters find a new channel, is a foe they do not care to face when once piloted safely over its white line; and, though many things have been done with piers, and buoys, and a breakwater built by Government and crushed like a toy by the next storm, it still binds its spell about Newburyport commerce. Possibly if, by any other magic, the town could ever grow sufficiently to require the filling up of the flats, then the stream, inclosed in a narrower and deeper channel, would find sufficient force to drive before it the envious sands which now the Cape Ann currents sweep into its mouth.

Nevertheless, the bar alone is not adequate to account for the financial misfortunes of the town; ships go up to New Orleans over much more dangerous waters; and the Embargo of the early part of the century bears by far the greater responsibility. Then the great hulks rotted at the wharves unused, with tar-barrels, which the angry sailors called Madison's Night-caps, inverted over the topmasts to save the rigging, while their crews patrolled the streets in riotous and hungry bands, and observed the first anniversary of the Embargo Act with tolling bells, minute-guns, flags at half-mast, and a procession with muffled drums and crapes. Perhaps it was owing to this state of feeling in the town that the old slanders of her showing blue-lights to the befogged enemy arose. Together with the Embargo came the Great Fire; every wooden town has suffered a conflagration, and Newburyport has always been a prey to the incendiary; but her celebrated fire broke out on a spring night some sixty years ago, when nearly every one was wrapped in the first slumber, and spread with the speed of the lightnings over a track of more than sixteen acres, in the most compact and wealthy portion of the town. Such an immense property was destroyed that the whole place was impoverished; many families were totally beggared; people hurried to the scene from a dozen miles away; women passed the buckets in the



ranks, and helpless crowds swung to and fro in the thoroughfares. The spectacle is described by an old chronicler as having been terribly sublime; the wind, changing, blew strongly, and drove the flames in fresh directions, where they leaped in awful columns high into the air, and stretched a sheet of fire from street to street; the moon became obscured in the murky atmosphere that hung above the town, but the town itself was lighted as brilliantly as by day, and the heat melted the glass in the windows of houses not destroyed; while the crash of falling walls, the roaring of chimneys like distant thunder, the volumes of flames wallowing upward from the ruins and filling the air with a shower of fire into which the birds fluttered and dropped, the weird reflection in the river, the lowing of the cattle, the cries of distress from the people, made the scene cruelly memorable; and though afterward that portion of the town was rebuilt with brick, Newburyport never recovered from the shock and loss. Some years subsequently a boy of seventeen was convicted of another arson, and in spite of much exertion to the contrary, expiated the penalty of the law. But a flaming Nemesis fell upon the town, perhaps for having allowed the boy's execution, and ever since that time other incendiaries, emulous of his example, have constantly made it their victim; one, in particular, being so frequent in his attempts, that on a windy or stormy night the blaze was so sure to burst forth that the citizens could not sleep in their beds; he appeared to be the subject of a mania for burning churches, almost all of the sixteen in town having been fired, sometimes two together, and on several occasions successfully; and no dweller in Newburyport will easily forget the night on which the old North Church was burned, when every flake of the wild snow-storm seemed to be a spark of fire, and more than one superstitious wretch, plunging out into the gale, could find no centre to the universal glare, and shuddered with fright in belief that the Day of Judgment had come at last.

But one extraordinary thing or another is always happening in Newburyport; if it is not a fire, it is a gale; and if it is not a gale, it is an earthquake. The situation of the town is very fine. As you approach it by land, bleak fields and lichen-covered boulders warn you of the inhospitable sea-coast; but once past their barrier, and you are in the midst of gardens. The town lies on a gentle hillside, with such slope and gravelly bottom that an hour after the heaviest rains its streets afford good walking. Behind it lies an excellent glacial moraine and a champaign country, shut in by low hills, and once, most probably, the bed of the river. Its adjacent territory is netted in rivers and rivulets; the broad Merrimack, with its weird and strange estuary, imprisoned by Plum Island; the Artichoke, a succession of pools lying in soft, semi-shadows beneath the overhanging growth of beech and oak, and feathery elms lighting the darker masses, each pool enfolded in such wise that one sees no outlet, but slides along with the slow tide, lifts a bough, and slips into the next, where some white-stemmed birch perhaps sends a perpetual rustle through the slumberous air, a wild grape-vine climbs from branch to branch, or an early reddening tupelo shakes its gay mantle in the scattered sun, and with its reflex in the dark transparency, wakens one from half the sleepy spell of the enchantment there; these streams, with the Quasacumquon or Parker, the Little, Pow-wow, Back, and Rowley rivers, with their slender, but foaming black and white affluents, all make it a place of meadows; and he who desires to see a meadow in perfection, full of emerald and golden tints, and claret shadows, withdrawing into distance till lost in the sparkle of the sea, must seek it here, where Heade found material for his exquisite and dainty marsh and meadow views.

Running on the ridge of the hill is the High street, six miles long from bridge to bridge, yielding perpetual pictures of the sea, the light-houses, the river, the sun-bathed back-country, while several of its dwellings, embowered in their princely gardens, one of which the British Minister has for a summer residence, command an ocean view stretching from Portland to Gloucester, flecked with the white sails of the fishing-fleets, and with the dark trail of the smoke of foreign-going steamers in the horizon.

The scenery around the town, it may thus be imagined, is something of unusual beauty; on one side is to be had the deciduous woods of the Stackyard Gate, where the carriage-wheels crackle through winding miles of fragrant brake and fern, and on the other the stately pines and hemlocks of Follymill, the air sweet as an orange-grove with resinous perfume, while the river-road to Haverhill, with West Amesbury swathed in azure mist upon the opposite hill, and sapphire reaches of the stream unfolding one after another, is a series of raptures. The people, well acquainted with the beauty that surrounds them, are very fond of their chief river; it is the scene of frolicking the summer long, and in winter its black and ice-edged tides seem to be the only pulses of the frozen town. To some the life upon this river is only play, to others it is deadly earnest, for a large portion of those who live along the banks on the Water street, the most picturesque of the highways, are fishermen and their households, familiar with all the dangers of the seas—the babies there rocked in a dory, the men, sooner or later, wrecked upon the Georges; meanwhile the men mackerel all summer down in the Bay of Chaleurs, pilot off and on the coast dark nights and dreary days, run the bar and the breakers with a storm following the keel; many of them, as they advance in life, leave their seafaring and settle down at shoe-making, or buy a plot of land and farm it in an untought way, but just as many find their last home in a grave rolled between two waves.

When a storm comes up, and the fog-banks

sweep in from sea, hiding the ray of the twin harbor-lights, and the rote upon the beach which every night is heard through the quiet streets beating like a heart, swells into a sullen and unbroken roar—when the shipyards are afloat, the water running breast-high across the wharves, the angry tides rising knee-deep in the lower lanes, and the spray tossed over the tops of the houses there whose foundations begin to tremble and whose dwellers fly for safety, then the well-sheltered people up in the remote High street, where nothing is known of the storm but the elms tossing their boughs about, may have sorry fancies of some vessel driving on Plum Island, of parting decks and of unpitied cries in the horror of blackness and breaker—may even hear the minute-guns in pauses of the gale; but the stress of weather falls upon the homes and hearts of these watchers on the Water street, for to them each swell and burst of the blast mean danger to their own roof and the life snatched from a husband's or a father's lip. Mrs. E. Vale Smith in her history of Newburyport makes thrilling mention of these storms, with the wrecks of the Primrose, the Pocahontas, the Argus, and others, and every resident of the place has had before his eyes the picture which she draws of "the heavy moaning of the sea—a bark vainly striving to clear the breakers—blinding snow—a slippery deck—stiff and glazed ropes—hoarse commands that the cruel winds seize and carry far away from the ear of the sailor—a crash of tons of falling water beating in the hatches—shrieks which no man heard, and ghastly corpses on the deceitful, shifting sands, and the great ocean-cemetery still holding in awful silence the lost bodies of the dead." Such things, of course, make the place the home of romance, and Mr. George Lunt, a poet of no mean pretensions and a native of the town, has founded his novel of "Eastford" on the incidents its daily life affords.

Newburyport has also known the effects of other convulsions of nature; a hailstorm, with a deposit twelve inches in depth, is still spoken of there, together with snowstorms tunneled from door to door, a northeaster that blew the spray of the sea a dozen miles inland and loaded the orchard boughs with salt crystals, and whirlwinds mighty enough to blow down one meeting-house and to lift another with all the people in it and set it in a different spot—whirlwinds coming a quarter of a century too soon, as, if they had but moved a meeting-house there at a later day, a parish would not have been so divided on the question of location as straightway to become, one-half of them, Episcopalians for whom Queen Anne endowed a chapel. But worse than whirlwinds, storms, fires, or the devastating yellow-fever that once nearly decimated the place, were the earthquakes that for more than a hundred years, at one period, held high carnival there, and are still occasionally felt. The first of these occurred in 1638, on the noon of a summer day, as the colonists, assembled in town-meeting, were discussing their unfledged affairs. We can well imagine their consternation, just three years established, their houses built, woods felled, fields largely cleared, and the June corn just greenly springing up, to find that their encampment on this spot, so rich in soil, so convenient to the sea, so well guarded from the Indian, had left them the prey to an enemy whose terrors were so much worse than all others in the degree in which they partook of the dark, unknown, and infinite. It was not long before another earthquake followed the first, its trembling and vibration and sudden shocks preceded, as that had been, by a roar like the bursting of great guns, while birds forsok their nests, dogs howled, and the whole brute creation manifested the extreme of terror; by-and-by there came one that lasted a week, with six or eight shocks a day, then one where the shocks were repeated for half an hour without any cessation, and presently others where the ground opened and left fissures a foot in width, where sailors on the coast supposed their vessels to have struck, the sea roared and swelled, flashes of fire ran along the ground, amazing noises were heard like peals and claps of thunder, walls and chimneys fell, cellars opened, floating islands were formed, springs were made dry in one site and burst out in another, and tons of fine white sand were thrown up, which, being cast upon the coals, burnt like brimstone. Various causes have been assigned to these earthquakes, not the least absurd of which was the supposition of a cave reaching from the sea to the headwaters of the Merrimack, filled with gases, into which the high tides rushing made the occurrence of the phenomena; but as they have always appeared in connection with more tremendous disturbances in other parts of the world, it is probable that they are but the same pulsations of the old earth's arteries, felt in Vesuvius or Peru with more terrible effect. Although there have been more than two hundred of these convulsions, nobody was ever seriously injured by their means, and so used to them did the people become, that finally they are spoken of in their records merely as "the earthquake," as one would speak of any natural event, of the tide or of the moon. For the last century, however, their outbursts have been of very infrequent occurrence, and have nowise marred the repose of the sweet old place, which now and then awakens to storm or fever sufficient to prevent stagnation, but for the most part slumbers on serenely by its riverside, the ideal of a large and ancient country-town, peaceful enough, and almost beautiful enough, for Paradise.

When a diamond is used to cut hot glass, the diamond will only last for one day, and it assumes a milky appearance. The diamonds in constant use for cutting cold glass last about three months. Each diamond costs from \$8 to \$12, and is about the size of an ordinary glazier's diamond. Hot glass is cut more readily than cold glass.

## INSIDE PARIS:

## BALLOON-SKETCH—THE ASPECT OF THE BOULEVARDS.

THE Mobiles of France, as contrasted with the Nationaux, are of a far more contented nature, and less epicurean in their tastes. Perhaps the most noticeable feature of the Moblot is his continual gaiety. He will laugh and joke when others grumble, and is philosopher enough to make the best of everything. His camp is, for the time, his chief pride. In the contracted quarters of the city he has little scope for practicing taste in the arrangement and embellishment of his temporary home; but what he lacks in art he makes up in wit. On the Boulevard de Clichy his life crept along in rather a monotonous channel; still, he adapted himself to circumstances with good grace, and sifted a wholesome amount of enjoyment and fun from the events of the siege.

## MISS VINNIE REAM'S STATUE OF LINCOLN.

At the unvaluing of Miss Ream's *chef d'œuvre*, January 25th, in the Rotunda of the Capitol at Washington, a distinguished throng filled and temporarily gave a use to that impracticable chamber, which was never turned to account before, and which usually goes by the name of the Spittoon. The dais was occupied by President Grant, Vice-President Colfax, General Sherman, Judge Davis, the Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds, and the orators.

Senator Morrill, of Vermont, rose and said that four years ago a little girl was employed in the Post-Office at \$600 a year, but she had faith that she could do something better. Congress gave her an order to execute a statue of the late President Lincoln. Statue and artist were now before the spectators. Senator Trumbull, General Banks, Representative Brooks and Senator Carpenter followed, with appropriate eloquence. Grant, the silent, looked on contemptively, and Colfax—smiled. Mr. Carpenter introduced the sculptor, who bowed to the assembly with that winning grace which had already "tamed the mighty hearts of Captains and of Kings."

Vinnie Ream went to Europe nearly two years ago, accompanied by her parents, to put this statue, already modeled in America, in Carrara marble. Her time was chiefly spent in Rome, though she traveled extensively on the Continent. She was in Paris three months. She did not content herself with simply executing the commission of the Government. An ideal work called "Sappho," of life-size, and the "Spirit of the Carnival," a girl throwing flowers, of half life-size, were her first works while abroad, and they are now to be put in marble in Italy. Two of her earliest models she carried with her, and they are also being put in marble. Besides, at Paris, she modeled busts of Doré and Père Hyacinthe; at Munich, Kaulbach, the celebrated German painter, who painted the famous Berlin frescoes; at Rome, Liszt and Cardinal Antonelli; at Vienna, John Jay; and at London, Mr. Spurgeon. These were all made from sittings by the different persons. From several of these personages Miss Ream has valuable souvenirs. Antonelli gave her, among other things, a locket, with the head of Christ exquisitely cut in stone cameo. Doré presented her with a drawing on wood of one of his Bible pictures, "Judith." She received kindly encouragement from the aged portrait-painter Healy, Mr. Story, John Jay, our Minister to Vienna, and others.

Of her great work we fancy we had better let the engraving—a tracing from the study made in the Capitol by our ambulant photographer—speak for itself. It is probable that, as the only illustrated American paper that gives paramount attention to American art, this newspaper should append a conscientious criticism to the sketch. But American opinion has decided to exempt, from personal considerations, the work of Miss Ream and other lady artists from any exact estimate; and we fancy that a suffering and heroic posterity will be competent, at a day when those considerations shall have vanished, to put the right value on the work.

In the regalia-rooms under the Treasury at Washington, which have become the general receptacle for articles deposited for safe-keeping, Treasurer Spinner keeps a number of strange things. There are General Twiggs's silver-mounted swords, also those historic arms whose silver ornaments attracted the curious, and were afterward put in the vault by order of the War Department, to keep them from exciting the morbid curiosity of Southern visitors. Besides these, there is a lot of fine shawls and other gifts presented to different Presidents, and put in the vault to keep the moths out of them. Then there are a number of old boots and shoes, several sets of patent corsets, two smoked hams, an assortment of dried onions, twelve bags of goose-feathers, a bundle of pepper-colored kid gloves, a bottle of otto of roses, valued at \$800, presented to President Van Buren by the Imam of Siam, nineteen bars of blue pill, four dozen boxes of hooks and eyes, a bunch of love-letters from Aaron Burr to Mrs. Blennerhassett, and several *billets doux* written by President Jackson to Mrs. Eaton. There is also some cash belonging to the United States, but, being mixed with all these other queer things, a special act of Congress is required to separate the genuine money from the queer.

COINAGE FOR 1870.—The report of the Directors of the United States Mint shows that the deposits of bullion at the mint and branches during the fiscal year were as follows: Gold, \$29,485,268.45; silver, \$3,804,942.51. Total deposits, \$32,990,210.96. Deducting the redeposits of bars made at one branch of the mint and redeposited in another for coinage, the amount will be \$30,488,788.10. The coinage for the same period was as follows: Gold coin, number of pieces, 1,156,687; value, \$22,257,312.50; unparted and fine gold bars, \$7,846,052.25; silver coin, pieces, \$4,640,398; value, \$1,767,253.50; silver bars, \$902,800.66; nickel, copper, and bronze pieces, 18,154,000; value, \$611,445. Total number of pieces struck, 23,961,292; total value of coinage, \$33,384,863.91.

## PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

THE father of the late Peter Richings was a Vice-Admiral in the British navy.

REV. DR. E. T. FITCH, Professor of Divinity at Yale College, died on the 31st ult.

ADOLPH BOETTGER, one of the most noted of the modern poets of Germany, died near Leipzig, last month.

HERR BAEDER, the compiler of the well-known guide-books for travelers, has been serving before Paris as a lieutenant in the Prussian landwehr.

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS weighs hardly more than eighty pounds. Ex-Queen Isabella weighs quite to the contrary—two hundred and thirty-eight—and is growing.

THE Rev. Thomas H. Skinner, D.D., one of the most distinguished professors in the Union Theological Seminary, died February 1st, in the eightieth year of his age.

THE widow of General Prim has been made, by royal decree, a duchess, and her son, Don Juan Prim, Duke of Castilejos.

MR. WILLIAM DAVIS, of Howard County, Md., saw the village of Marriottsville, in that State liked it, and bought it for \$20,000.

A COLORED man of Harrisburgh, Pa., named Chester, is making a sensation in London as a lawyer, especially by his great success in criminal cases.

FATHER HYACINTHE contemplates another visit to the United States next autumn, convinced that he did not see half enough of the country when he was here before.

CHAUNCEY ROSE, of Terre Haute, has given \$100,000 for a Presbyterian College in Indiana—this making \$300,000 he has given to charitable and educational enterprises.

MR. CRESSWELL has supplied the Postal Department at Washington with a collection of portraits of Postmasters-General from Franklin down to himself—over forty in all.

LORD PENZANCE, in his capacity of head of the Probate Court of England, has granted to Madame Lynch letters of administration upon the will of ex-President Lopez, of Paraguay.

BISHOP CLARKSON, of Nebraska, reports that of the 75,000 Indians in the bounds of his diocese, 15,000 attend religious services. He thinks the effort for their civilization has been successful.

THE Rev. Dr. Emerson is in the sixty-sixth year of his pastorate over the South Church, at Salem, Mass. He is ninety-four years old, but preaches as regularly as he did sixty-six years ago.

FATHER HYACINTHE, it is said, is receiving great attention in London from most of the magnates of Church and State. All are expecting great things from him as the leader of an anti-Papal movement in the Catholic Church.

MRS. MARY GREENOUGH died at Syracuse, N. Y., aged 90, recently. She was the widow of William Greenough, the largest publisher of Bibles in the country prior to the Bible Society, and the first printer of fine books in America.

BISHOP PAYNE, of the African Methodist Episcopal Church (a colored man), in his youth belonged to the Lutherans, and was educated at Gettysburg. He is the President of Wilberforce University, near Xenia, O., and is highly spoken of as a minister and scholar.

THE German custom of celebrating copper, silver and golden weddings is generally known, but a diamond wedding, the sixtieth anniversary, is of rare occurrence. It has just, however, been observed by Field Marshal Count Wrangel, the oldest soldier in the Prussian army. On the 25th of December, 1810, the then Lieutenant Wrangel married fräulein Bulow.

GAIL HAMILTON has been gazed upon by a newspaper man in Washington, who places upon record, for the benefit of future historians, the ensuing statement: "She is rather small, has a round, fresh, and happy-looking face, blue eyes and brown hair, worn short, or sort of curled or frizzled. She is animated in conversation, talks as she writes, is witty, fond of jokes, and must be jolly to have around. She doesn't look a bit pedantic or blue-stocking-like, and, judging from her face, she could pass nicely for twenty-five years old."

PROFESSOR J. K. HAMILTON WILLCOX, who had an interview last summer with General Prim, in the Ministerio at Madrid, thus photographs him: "One library-table stood on the right of the door. Between it and the wall sat a middle-sized man, not the least Spanish in look, not the least like the gentleman whom I had seen come in with an escort. This man looked like a German and the head of a bureau, with a half-worn, greenish-black coat, an old pair of steel spectacles, short, black, curly hair, sprinkled with gray, and standing up as if its owner often ran his fingers through it, and a bright-blue thread twining itself among the ambrosial locks that overarched his unconscious brow."

THE following will of Kosciuszko, complete, recorded May 12, 1819, in the Albemarle (Va.) County Clerk's office, was fished out, lately, after lying half a century or so undisturbed. It does not appear that anything was ever done to carry out the provisions of the will, which is given herewith *verbatim et literatim*:

"I, Thaddeus Kosciuszko, being just in my departure from America, do declare and direct that, should I make no other testamentary disposition of my property in the United States, I hereby authorize my friend Thomas Jefferson to employ the whole thereof in purchasing negroes from among his own or any other, and giving them liberty in my name, in giving them an education in trades or otherwise, and in having them instructed for their new condition in the duties of morality which may make them good neighbors, good fathers, or good mothers, husbands or wives, and in their duties as citizens teaching them to be defenders of their liberty and country and of the good order of society, and in whatever may make them happy and useful; and I make the said Thomas Jefferson my executor of this.

"T. KOSCIUSKO.

"6th day of May, 1798."

A CORRESPONDENT of the Oshkosh (Wis.) *Northwestern* thus describes the proprietor of the Shawano and New London stage line, Paul Farinacci: "He was born near Brindisi, Italy, not far from the birthplace of Virgil. When grown to manhood, he studied for the priesthood and emigrated to America. Old residents of Oshkosh will remember him, for more than twenty years ago he was the only Catholic priest in this part of the State. At Oshkosh, while acting in his capacity as a priest, he joined the Freemasons, and was immediately expelled from the Catholic Church. He soon after married, and since then has devoted his attention to farming, stage-driving, horse-trading, etc. He is a man more than sixty years of age, reads and speaks his native Italian, Latin, French and German fluently, and with the grace of a polished scholar. While alone on his stage, he makes the old pine woods resound with Italian songs; and when he is irritated, he swears in any one of five languages. He has written considerably for Eastern periodicals in former times, but not lately. His knowledge of the Greek and Latin classics is said to be very complete, but this does not make him a better stage-driver. This man in the pine woods of the North has the elements of two or three novels in his past career."





WINTER LIFE AMONG THE WRECKERS.—EVENING OCCUPATIONS AND AMUSEMENTS AMONG THE WRECKERS IN ONE OF THEIR TENTS, WHILE RELIEVING THE GROUNDED BARK "ROSINA," NEAR EAST MORICHES, L. I.—FROM A SKETCH BY JOSEPH BECKER.—SEE PAGE 377.



WINTER LIFE AMONG THE WRECKERS.—UNSHIPPING CARGO FROM THE GROUNDED BARK "ROSINA," NEAR EAST MORICHES, LONG ISLAND, N. Y., JANUARY 27.—FROM SKETCHES BY JOSEPH BECKER.—SEE PAGE 377.





NEW YORK CITY.—"THE CHARITY BALL"—ANNUAL RECEPTION OF THE PATRONESSES OF THE CHILD'S NURSERY AND HOSPITAL, AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, FEB. 2, 1871—PENCILINGS SNATCHED HITHER AND THITHER AMONGST THE COSTUMES AND PARURES.—SEE PAGE 383.



PARIS, 1871.

AND this is she, the beauteous, mad Bacchante,  
Whose splendid revels, one short year ago,  
Set graver eyes agaze with saddest wonder,  
And blinded careless eyes with glittering show?

Surely this is not she, who sits forlornly,  
With famine-wasted limbs, and haggard eyes;  
Her leopard-ropes all dust and smoke be-  
dragged,  
And stained—not with the purple grape's  
clear dyes.

Her vine-crown all abased beside her lying,  
Blighted with burning, torn in deadly  
strife—  
Sad Priestess of the broken fanes of Pleasure,  
Her shrunken lips breathe out a starving  
life.

Pity her! pity! spare the taunt and cavil—  
Press palms of healing on her faded hair,  
Poor prodigal of rarest gift and graces;  
Freedom her passion—glory her despair!

Pity her! lift her up to nobler uses,  
O Sister Nations! Spare her, conquering  
Foe!

The pathos of her constancy appealeth  
Out of the depths of her self-tempted woe!

## THE LOST LINK;

OR,

## THE FORTUNES OF A WAIF.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

DAYS had passed, and even lengthened into a week, and still Frank Mervyn lingered at the small villa that rejoiced in the name of "The Fernery," and still his gentle, unobtrusive attentions to Olivia became more constant and more tender.

Did Frank mistake her gentle endurance? At least Helen Mervyn did not. Women can surely read women's hearts, and she was not deceived in Olivia's. But one discovery she made, or believed she had made. She saw that the reality was rapidly taking the place of the affectation of admiring passion in her son's heart.

It doubled the mother's anxiety for the success of her plans; it sharpened her vigilance and invention for its assistance. But still Olivia remained unsuspecting, preoccupied, and wearied by the restraint of Frank's presence.

It was on one of the first days in that third week of his visit, that Olivia had appeared, as usual, early in the breakfast-room; but Frank and his mother were already there, and as Olivia entered, the two exchanged rapid glances of sympathizing meaning, and Olivia fancied that a rustling of paper was audible, and that Frank hastily pushed something into the corner of the sofa where Mrs. Mervyn reclined.

"Has the post come in?" inquired Olivia, involuntarily, when the first morning greeting had passed.

Frank Mervyn appeared to hesitate, but his mother replied, with her usual calmness, "It has, my love; but there are no letters for you."

"You have heard something," said Olivia, still unsatisfied—"something that affects me. Tell me, I entreat you. Is—Captain Dacre—is he—dead?"

"My mother has not received a single line from or about Captain Dacre," said Frank; "nor have I. He is happy to excite such interest in your mind, Olivia."

Olivia did not reply—perhaps she did not heed the idle words.

At last the silent, tedious meal came to an end, and Mrs. Mervyn rose to leave the room on the pretext of seeking a book, which she wished Olivia to read.

"I have a headache this morning," she said, "or I would not trouble you, dear girl."

Then she left the room. No sooner had the door closed behind his mother, than Frank turned suddenly, and came near Olivia's chair.

"Olivia, you are sad—abstracted this morning," he observed, in tender accents, that gave a meaning to his words; "may I not share the grief, if you feel any new sorrow?"

"None," she said, coldly; "I have none but what a founding must ever feel; but I would rather not speak of such personal matters, Mr. Mervyn. It can avail nothing, and it is painful and galling to me."

"You do not do me justice, Olivia; you do not read my feelings aright," he replied. "Can you think that anything which affects you is not a pang to me—that your sorrow does not touch my very heart—and that it does not wound me to the quick to hear you call yourself alone and desolate, when my heart tells me that every pulse of yours finds a vibration in mine? Oh, Olivia, how little you know me—how little you guess my feelings toward you!"

"I—I do not comprehend," she murmured at last. "If it is only kindness, I thank you from my heart; but—but if—"

"If it is love, Olivia—man's true and first love, what then?" he asked. "Will you refuse to listen to me? You will not, you cannot, Olivia."

"If you really mean what your words convey, Mr. Mervyn," she said, comprehending him now, "I ought to feel grateful for such feelings to one who has nothing to give in exchange for the distinction of any man's free and sincere love. But please never speak, never think, of such things again. I could not—I never could look on you, except as a kind friend."

She rose from the chair, to which surprise and timidity had hitherto kept her chained,

and was preparing to leave the room, when he placed himself before her.

"Not yet, Olivia," he said. "I can read your heart better than you can yourself, perhaps. You are influenced—deceived, I may say—by a vague sympathy, a pity, a false honor and idea of a bond of gratitude to one who is unkind and independent of the boon."

"Tell me!" she gasped. "In pity, tell me the truth. Is he dead? Algernon, I mean Captain Dacre, my preserver—my—"

"You pain me, Olivia, you pain me deeply," he replied; "but it may be that I am showing you my deep and true affection more worthily by telling you the painful fact than in hiding it. Algernon Dacre, the betrothed lover of Lady Alice Compton, is married, and that without vouchsafing to you one line, one word of regard or kindly interest, even when you had saved his life."

"Is this so?" she said, slowly and painfully. His only reply was by taking a step toward the couch, and drawing from beneath the pillow a copy of the *Times*. Then rapidly glancing over it, he pointed to an announcement, and gave the paper to Olivia.

"Married, on June 10th, at Hyderabad, East Indies, Captain Algernon Dacre, youngest son of the late Sir Rupert Dacre, of Dacre Abbey, to Ada, youngest daughter of Anselm Peters, Esq."

Olivia read the brief paragraph, with pale cheeks and lips, and eyes that rather devoured than perused the words. She drove back the sharp agony, and replied, with a tone as entirely free from natural emotion as her woman's nature could accomplish.

"I am certainly surprised," she said, "much surprised. I had scarcely imagined it was likely, so soon; but I pray, from my heart, that it may be for his happiness."

She turned to leave the room, but once more Frank arrested her steps.

"One word, Olivia, ere you leave me," said he. "I am not blind; I love you too well not to read your inmost feelings where this treacherous, favored friend of yours is concerned. But I will win you yet. It is your destiny to be my bride, and it is useless to struggle under it."

He drew back, and Olivia, with a look and mien that barely preserved outward composure, and a flashing defiance in her eyes that said more plainly than words the reply which came, low and determined, through her pale lips, "Never!" and the next instant she passed from the room, still holding the paper that had never yet left her tightly clasping fingers.

As Olivia closed the door behind her, Mrs. Mervyn appeared through the French window that opened on the broad walk before the house. Her countenance told Frank that she had heard all, and with no placid feelings.

"Fool, fool!" she said, "to scare the bird before the net had closed on her. You have made my task difficult indeed, and thrown our plans back at least for weeks, or perhaps months."

"I am not an automaton," said Frank, sullenly. "The fact is, I have really fallen in love with the girl."

Mrs. Mervyn continued: "You must leave here at once, by way of covering your false step; then you can write, if you will, and excuse your impetuous passion, and promise forbearance and patience for the future, which I will strengthen and endorse."

"It is a confounded nuisance, a deuced deal of trouble!" grumbled the young man. "Why not let me wait and see her, and say all this balderdash, instead of writing?"

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

LADY ALICE COMPTON's bridal bid fair to be indefinitely postponed, on account of the illness of the earl.

That very morning, when Frank Mervyn had poured his tale of love into unwilling ears, the fair and envied heiress was sitting in her accustomed station by the couch of her hopelessly invalid father.

The earl dreaded to confess to himself the suspicion that he had long cherished of the truth. His eyes rested mournfully on his daughter, as she carelessly glanced over the morning papers in quest of something that might amuse him. Suddenly a faint cry escaped her.

"My darling, what is it?" asked the earl.

The girl hesitated for a moment; then pride vanquished emotion, and she quickly read aloud that same announcement of the marriage of Algernon Dacre that had so deeply moved her unconscious rival, and to which Lord Ashton listened with mingled feelings.

"It is well—it is perhaps well," he remarked, soothingly. He must have been indeed unworthy of my child to forget so soon that he had once had a chance of winning her."

"Yes," said Alice, meeting her father's inquiring look firmly—"yes, you are right. Oh, if I were Alice Dorville once more, papa, and you in health and strength, as you were in my happy girlish days, ere such vain dreams crossed my mind!"

"Hush, my child!" said Lord Ashton, almost sternly.

"Papa," she said, laying her hand caressingly on his, "will you promise not to be angry, and not to mistake the request, the proposal I am going to make?"

"Did I ever give you cause to fear me, Alice?" he said, pressing her hand tenderly.

"Never, never!" she replied, tears glittering in her eyes, and softening the hard fire in their depths; "only it may appear strange, nay, unfeeling, unkind. It is that my marriage with Sir Geoffrey should take place at once, on condition that it should not take me for one hour from you—that it should make no change, save in the name."

"Alice," said he, "have you thought?—have you—"

"Yes, yes," she interrupted. "I have, indeed I have, papa. Listen to me. I tell you

frankly, candidly, that I do not, that I never shall love Sir Geoffrey. But I have resolved to marry him; and when it is over, I shall be calm and content; and it shall never be said that Alice Compton is pining and mourning over an absent and unworthy lover. This marriage would silence all remarks of that kind."

She stopped, lest the sobs that heaved in her heart should burst forth in her voice.

"Alice, are you certain—quite sure of yourself?" asked her father.

"Quite, quite," she replied.

"Alice," he observed, suddenly, "it proves at least that we misjudged that poor foundling girl, you see—he has married so quickly, and another girl."

"Perhaps it is Olivia, under another name," observed Alice, bitterly. "Papa, papa, give me my way!" she cried.

"My child—my Alice—Heaven is my witness that my sole desire is for your happiness. I must see Sir Geoffrey, Alice; then it shall be as you wish, if your present desire remains unchanged."

Three days later, and Sir Geoffrey Dacre stood by the bedside of the fast-falling earl; and seated in a large, half-concealed chair was the Lady Alice. It had been her father's pleasure. Then the dying nobleman entered into the subject of the marriage—of its hasty fulfillment, and the perfectly private manner in which the ceremony would be performed; and Sir Geoffrey agreed to and approved of all, speaking earnestly, and to all appearance, sincerely.

"And you will prove a loving husband to my child when I am gone?"

"Faithful unto death," was the reply.

Lady Alice had watched every turn and expression of her betrothed husband's face. She now leant down and whispered to the earl.

"Father, dear father," she said, "let this scene cease. I am content and resolved."

"Leave us, then, my child," he said; "leave us for a few minutes."

She obeyed; and perhaps a quarter of an hour had elapsed ere she was again summoned to the sick-chamber. When she returned, her father feebly beckoned her to his side, and placed her hand in that of her betrothed.

"In forty-eight hours, Sir Geoffrey," he said, faintly, "that precious hand shall be committed to you forever."

Sir Geoffrey pressed the white fingers to his lips with a touch that was as cold as that of a corpse.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

WHEN the morning rose, a superstitious observer would have noted that the sultriness of the previous night had given place to a strange and unusually sudden gust of wind and rain, that again lulled, with a sort of magic suddenness, toward the hour appointed for the celebration of the marriage. In the small private chapel of the Castle there was a sudden murkiness in the air that threatened ominously.

"Tis a queer wedding, for a lady of this old race," said the niece of Mr. Woodruffe. "But I suppose that all will come in time; mayhap at the christening of the heir."

"Never a bit, never a bit," observed the old housekeeper, to whom this remark was addressed. "Mark my words, girl, there'll be neither christening nor cradle ever needed for the heir of this marriage. The child of Lady Alice and of Sir Geoffrey will never sport within these walls, nor reign over these estates. Hark! do you hear that?"

At the moment a sharp flash of lightning startled the two women from the hasty breakfast they were dispatching, and then a peal of thunder rolled and boomed and crashed over the massive walls as if it would have crushed them to ruins. Flash after flash answered each other; peal after peal of thunder boomed like cannon over the air; and in the intervals the torrents of rain came heavily against the Castle, and blasts of wind howled through its vast halls and staircases.

In the very midst of this war of elements Lady Alice was led into the chapel, which was to witness her bridal. The earl had near him the physician and the family solicitor, who had been summoned to draw up the draft of the elaborate settlements, and receive the witnessed consent of both parties to the arrangements. The remainder of the witnesses to the ceremony consisted of the upper and old servants of the household, and the land steward, whose signature was deemed advisable to the certificates and the draft of the deeds.

Lady Alice was dressed in plain white silk, and covered from head to foot with a veil that nearly concealed her form and features. Not a jewel, not an ornament of any kind, relieved the severity of the attire. She looked more like a nun about to take the veil than a rich heiress going to speak her vows to a noble husband.

Sir Geoffrey Dacre stood at the altar to receive her.

The ceremony began the instant that Lady Alice had placed herself before the altar. The usual questions were put, and the answers were given.

Sir Geoffrey appeared to have mastered every sign of uneasiness, and his responses were firm, and rapidly spoken, as if anxious for the speedy completion of the ceremony. And then the ring was placed on the slender finger, and the clergyman pronounced the solemn words, "Those whom God hath joined let no man put asunder." But no look of love and trust came over the bride's pale face at those solemn words, no glance of hope or promise; nothing but one long shuddering tremble, that shook the cloudy folds of the bridal veil, and made the white flowers of her wreath flutter and tremble like timorous things of life.

And now, the ceremony over, the bridal party returned to the Castle. Alice approached her father as he lay exhausted on his couch.

"Father," she said, "my dear, dear father, a few moments more and this trying ordeal will be past."

"My darling, my poor darling, may God protect and save you!" he said; "may He bless you, my darling child, and so visit him to whom I have thus committed you even as he guards the treasure in his keeping."

The earl ceased, sinking back exhausted and the newly-wedded baronet was fain to yield to Lady Alice's dictum, which banished him from the apartment as soon as the names had been affixed to the marriage certificate.

Alice watched by the couch of her father in silence, and in bitter and agonized thought. Geoffrey Dacre wandered from one saloon to another of the splendid Castle that was now virtually his own, in restless, gloomy fever of mind and body; and so the hours of that ill-omened wedding-day passed on till evening came; and at last a message came from Lady Alice to request Sir Geoffrey's presence in the Rose drawing-room.

"I am delighted, grateful," he began, as he advanced to the spot where Lady Alice stood; but she stopped him, and pointed to a chair at a distance from her own.

"I have sent for you, Sir Geoffrey," she said, "as it is better you should understand I am resolved to abide by the line of conduct that I have laid down for myself at any cost. I am your wife; and I have become so from mixed motives, in which affection has no part. You are my husband; I bear your name with my own, but from this hour the relationship between us exists but in name. We may live in the same dwelling, appear in society as husband and wife; but in all things we are to be as strangers to each other; in habits, in intercourse, strangers, as we are in heart."

A dark flush rose to Sir Geoffrey's cheek as he replied, sneeringly:

"May I ask what is the meaning of this sudden change of feeling, which looks more like a touch of insanity than anything else? Pray assign a reasonable cause for your words?"

Lady Alice paused before replying. Presently she spoke.

"There are moments in our lives," she said, "when, in one instant of time, a veil falls from our eyes, and events stand out in truthful clearness. So has it been with me. Reflection comes too late. I accept the misery I have earned for myself, but on my own terms. I am your wife in name only. My decision is final and irrevocable."

"Alice, you are wrong, cruelly wrong!" he exclaimed. "You cannot guess, nor imagine even, the love I cherish for you. I have endured agony to win you, and I cannot, will not, give you up, when you are, in the sight of God and man, my wife. I will not, Alice—do not ask it. I would die sooner!"

"There is no alternative," she said, quietly.

"My resolve is taken, and for life."

"Alice, time alone can show," he said, hoarsely, "time alone can prove whether it is possible to live on such terms as you propose. It is a living death. Oh, in mercy to both, reconsider your fiat. Alice, I never begged a favor of mortal before—I never sued to human being; but to you I am submissive, humble as a child. Is it in vain?"

"It is useless," she said, resolutely—"utterly hopeless. And now leave me, I entreat."

"So be it then," he said, sullenly. "But on your head be it, Alice. And may you only suffer one tithe of the tortures you inflict on me, at this hour!"

"Stay!" she said, authoritatively, as he was about to depart—"stay! One word more," she continued. "For the sake of all, I would advise some distant tour or expedition that shall take you from me. It is easy to devise an excuse of urgent business to account for your leaving your—bride!"

Sir Geoffrey bowed sullenly as she pronounced the last words, in a tone of unutterable scorn; and with a muttered "So be it, Lady Alice; henceforth you shall not be wearied with any supplications from me," he strode from the room, and Alice cast herself on the couch near her, in agony of heart too deep and bitter for tears—all hope and love and happiness blighted within her for ever.

Algernon and Olivia were indeed revenged.

Weeks passed, and then the public announcement that "Sir Geoffrey Dacre had been suddenly called away from Compton Castle by imperative and urgent business that rendered his continued attendance on his noble father-in-law a matter of impossibility," was duly read and wondered at and pitied. And then, when the Christmas had merged into the New Year, and the snowdrops and the crocuses had begun to herald in the spring, the February sun shone on the nodding plumes and the dingy hearse that bore the Earl of Ashton to the last resting-place of his ancestors.

Henceforth, Lady Alice would live but for pride, and the homage which the world should be forced to render to the Countess of Ashton.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

MOTHER and son, Mrs. Mervyn and Frank, were in the utmost consternation, for Olivia suddenly disappeared; and days went on, and lengthened into weeks; weeks might be counted by months; and the bitter cold of the deep winter was beginning to yield to the distant approach of spring, and yet she was not discovered.

Certainly the faith and the patience of both mother and son were doomed to a full trial, for three long years passed away, and season after season came and went and came again, and still no trace of the absentee could be obtained.

Mrs. Mervyn's tide of life was ebbing fast, and she knew it. With the jealous care of a young and happy wife, did that stricken, destitute woman guard herself from every trifle that could injure her health. Had life been ever so precious and dear to her, she could not have attempted to prolong it more carefully by every



means in her power; and again and again she repeated to herself as she gazed in the mirror, "I will not die; I cannot die till all is finished; she will return; she must. I know that she is not in any of the places where she would naturally seek refuge. Even the distant India has been searched, and Algernon Dacre's ignorance of her flight amply tested. If she is living we must discover her, and something tells me that she is not dead. Olivia, foolish girl, you little guess from what you have fled!"

Spring was once more approaching with gentle footsteps to gladden the earth. The "Upper Ten" were returning with their annual migratory regularity to their haunts of pleasure and of excitement, and with them came the various ministers to their pleasure who follow in the train of the luxurious and the rich. The concert-room, the theatre, the opera, were all offering the most rare and attractive bills of fare that could be invented or embellished for the palled and wearied denizens of pleasure and fashion. But among the most attractive, perhaps, of these rival efforts to please and engross the fastidious sons and daughters of the gay world, was one that appeared in frequent and bewitchingly sensational paragraphs toward the Easter recess:

"We have great pleasure in announcing to our readers that a new singer of unusual promise is engaged to appear after Easter at Her Majesty's Theatre. The young *débütante*, as we understand, received a strict and severe training in the Conservatoire at Naples, and sung both in that city and in Milan, and the report is all that can be wished. Certainly a new prima donna will be no ordinary nor unwelcome advent in the musical world, when some of our brilliant stars are on the wane."

It came at last, that night of nights, with the first performance of the favorite opera, and the new singer as its heroine. And all who usually frequented the house, and others who had as yet abstained from appearing there, were meditating on the result and securing places in the crowded theatre.

Alice, the mourning Countess of Ashton, even was not proof against the general excitement, and to Sir Geoffrey's astonishment, she had announced her intention of going to the opera that night.

"It is the first time, Sir Geoffrey—it may be the last," she said, coldly; "but I wish to hear this *débütante*, and you will, I presume accompany me."

The baronet assented by a brief nod, and a curt, "Very well—I will be ready, Lady Ashton, especially as I really intended to go myself."

The farce of matrimony which was carried on between himself and Alice was a continued gall and bitterness, a living reproach and mortification to his proud spirit; and, to add to its keen agony, he loved, yes, actually and madly loved the cold, icy woman, who was compelled to call him husband.

Curiosity had been wound up to the highest pitch as to the looks and person, the voice and the manner of the star of the night, Signora Perdita. At length, when she appeared on the stage as the wife of the noble and injured Florestan, a perfect, though involuntary buzz and bustle of excitement ran through the house, and hundreds of opera-glasses were leveled at the young prima donna. Her tall, slight figure was graceful and queen-like in its carriage and movements, and perfect in symmetry.

She advanced with graceful feminine dignity to the front of the stage, in reply to the storm of applause which welcomed her appearance. For the instant she was lovely. And again the welcome was renewed in more genuine and satisfied heartiness. Then the lips parted, and a rich gush and volume of sweet tones came like a stream from the opened mouth—tones that fascinated the veriest tyro by their extreme richness and beauty, and yet satisfied the most critical connoisseur by the faultless taste and truth.

The truth of the acting was scarcely less than the faultless intonation of the voice as the piece went on; so the whole vast audience were chained in silent attention and delight. Alice's eyes had been strainingly riveted on the young singer from the first moment of her appearance on the stage, and her cheeks and lips had gradually become more alabaster-like in their hue; as the piece went on, Sir Geoffrey's head was suddenly bent forward, with a slight involuntary exclamation, and start of horror rather than surprise. Alice gave a sharp, instantaneous glance as the sound met her ears. His face was ashen white and his eyes strained on the stage, while the opera-glass that lay before him was snatched up and applied with hands that shook too much to steady it for his purpose. But after a keen survey he laid it down and leaned back in his chair with a sigh of relief that would have become a groan under less restraint; and for some time his attention seemed rather diverted from, than fixed on, the stage.

The audience seemed rather to be entranced by watching the unraveling of real life than the mere puppet representation of fiction. And when the more intensely moving scene in the prison came, and the whole passion of the last act was given with a marvelous intensity that was rather reality than acting; and when the last joyous burst of exquisite relief and delight had poured forth from the young siren's lips, then and not till then, was the throng worked up to such a height of enthusiasm that it broke through all restraints; a tumult of applause rang from pit to ceiling, while the young Perdita stood pale, trembling, and fearful, the very reverse of her former proud self, fairly overwhelmed by the storm of triumph that poured on her.

At the conclusion of the opera Sir Geoffrey and his wife left the house. Scarcely a word was spoken as they drove rapidly home; but when Alice entered the hall and placed her foot on the first step of the wide staircase, she turned suddenly.

"Sir Geoffrey, she said, "I would speak one moment with you; I shall not detain you." The baronet bowed coldly, as he followed the lady along the gallery that led to her own private apartments.

"Sir Geoffrey," she added, as the door closed behind her, "it seemed to me that you were strangely moved with the first sight of Signora Perdita, to-night. Had you ever seen her before?"

"Scarcely," he replied, in more gentle accents than were common with him; "I have never been abroad, and that girl was brought up, if not born, in Italy. You need scarcely ask that, methinks, Alice."

"Oh, I did not exactly intend what you seem to believe," she said; "but I myself was sufficiently astonished to imagine that you might have experienced the same perplexity. You assure me that you never saw her before?"

"It is simply impossible," he replied. "Then there can be no objection nor impropriety in my scheme," said Alice. "I intend to bring her here. I must hear her sing here. I must see her, listen to her. Shall you not enjoy such a treat, Sir Geoffrey?"

"I really can have little to say in the matter," he replied, carelessly. "It was scarcely needful to have a midnight consultation on so trivial a matter as the bringing a concert-singer to the house. Of course she will come for gold, and of course you have gold to offer her at pleasure. It is an affair of indifference, so far as I am concerned."

"Is it really so?" she asked, quickly. "Are you really certain that much of your future peace and safety, your whole life, may hang on the strange fancy I have taken to see this 'marvelous girl'?"

It was no easy task to read the innermost heart of Geoffrey Dacre, and even Alice could scarcely decide on its actual interpretation of her meaning, when he replied, coldly, "I am scarcely so superstitious as you appear to be, Alice. Is that all you have to say to me?"

"All," she replied. "I wished for your full sanction to my inviting this Eurydice to our saloons. 'Good-night, Sir Geoffrey,' she said, waving her white hand in the cold salutation that had been the sole greeting of the husband and wife since their marriage."

Sir Geoffrey looked on Lady Alice for a few moments in cold surprise; then, returning her bow with a stately inclination of his head, he left the room. She gazed earnestly after him, with a bitter smile.

"Is it possible?" she murmured; "is it possible? Am I credulous, or is he hardened and obtuse? He is either a consummate actor, or I am bewitched and glaucoured with the memories of the past. But time will show."

It was the day after the performance of *Fidelio* had thus taken the London world by storm. Signora Perdita was seated at her solitary breakfast-table, on which a number of the daily papers lay. She turned them carefully over.

She reseat herself, and once more turned her eyes on the sheets with which her table was half covered. As she did so, a letter which she had not yet observed fell from the fold of one of these journals:

"The Countess of Ashton presents her compliments to the Signora Perdita, and is extremely anxious to make the acquaintance of one so singularly gifted. Lady Ashton only waits for the signora's permission to request her presence at an evening reunion. Will the signora kindly favor Lady Ashton with one line, at her earliest convenience, in reply?"

The girl read the note once, and again, and a light beamed in her eyes, of no common interest.

"What does it mean?" she said. "What can it mean? Can it be that she has any suspicion? Shall I go? Yes, I will have courage and firmness."

She rose, walked to a writing-table, and dashed off a few lines, as if half afraid of her own resolution, and then rang for the maid who waited especially on her.

"Who brought this letter?" she asked.

"A footman, signora. He will call again at four," replied the maid.

"Give him this note."

The maid silently obeyed. Signora Perdita then, entering the carriage, drove to the Haymarket for the daily rehearsal.

The companions of the green-room shrank from near contact with the cold proud stranger, whose talents and herself yet placed her above their envy or their ill-will. She seemed of a race apart from the ordinary tenants of that famous apartment; and even these denizens of the theatre began to attach some belief to the popular rumor that the Signora Perdita came of other rank and race to themselves. There were marks of good blood in the very carriage of the proud head, marks of high breeding in the calm grace of her most trifling gesture.

## THE HALF HOUR BEFORE DINNER.

HUNGRY and thirsty, tired and expectant, and still the bell would not ring. The robust domestic appears at the door with a tale of misfortune—the meat is either overdone or still partly unpurchased—and, fearing the indignation of the muscular matron, delegates a boy to make the report. On the left, several children have been listening to stories from grandpapa, but now he too is nervous, and dozing in innocent wonder why the bell don't ring. One of the boys shows no disposition toward drowsiness; on the contrary, he is too active for his youthful companion, whose feelings of quietness are perfectly outraged by a tale of wonderful ghosts. A tall gentleman rubs his chin, as if fearful that when the bell does ring he will not be able to eat enough, while the other is endeavoring to allay his suspicions. At the end of the room a laurel

"Welcome," is suspended over a party whose exact occupation can hardly be stated. It may be they are laughing, but it is somewhat more probable that they are striving to outcry each other.

The characters are all well drawn by our artist, and show the party a little allied to the contents of a volcano—in that, when the bell does ring, there will be a grand burst for the dinner-table.

## THE CHARITY BALL.

THE Childs' Nursery and Hospital appears to be the pet institution of the most prominent residents of New York city, and the balls given annually under the name of "Charity," for its benefit, bring together the wealth, beauty, youth and refinement of the metropolis as no other stated event does. The ball of 1871, held at the Academy of Music, on Thursday, February 2d, was the most *recherché* occasion of the season. The usual landscape scene had been set at the rear of the stage, to which the flooring extended, and the word "Charity" in gaudy letters was placed immediately before it. This, and a few flowers in front of a couple of improvised proscenium boxes, formed the only decorations which the management had seen fit to employ. The appearance of the house itself was, therefore, not very different from that presented at similar entertainments this winter.

It was upon the floor that the brilliancy of the evening was exhibited. Ladies from the highest circles seemed determined to conquer one another by the variety, originality and richness of their toilets, and the combined effect of over two thousand superb robes, set off by the tastefully simple black suits of the gentlemen, was exceedingly pleasant.

The first pieces of the musical programme, the "Egmont" overture, selections from Mercadante's "La Vestale," and Meyerbeer's "King of Prussia's March," were given soon after nine o'clock, and by ten the floor was well filled, and dancing had fairly commenced.

Then came the bewildering, dazzling turns of this animated kaleidoscope. Grafulla's excellent band invited restless feet to graceful motions, while Lander's military band made the intervals particularly agreeable.

There was just variety enough in the rich costumes to give detail to the mass, and there was just interest enough in each beautiful and distinguished face to furnish an unending enjoyment to those who were spectators. It was remarked by those who make history of such things, and have both the experience and the knowledge to do it, that the toilets were richer than last year, and more varied; for the inexperienced, it was impossible to say, nor was it yet possible to particularize.

Our engravings give detailed representations, by a skillful artist, of the most prominent costumes seen at midnight, when the ball was at its height:

1. Striped silk dress, cut à la Marie Antoinette, trimmed with rich point-lace and roses.
2. Dress of red velvet, very tastefully ornamented with white lace. The wearer exhibited valuable jewelry.
3. White dress of guipure lace and tulle, with two black velvet bows on the shoulders; skirt cut en train.
4. Very rich black velvet dress, with shoulder *agraffes*; necklace and breastpins of valuable diamonds.
5. Heavy white satin skirt, with blue satin bodice and train; richly ornamented with point-lace and roses.
6. Black velvet dress, cut en train; ornamented with exquisite ostrich-feather trimming; overskirt of golden satin. This robe was very generally admired, and cost \$1,800.
7. White lace skirt, with black silk trimming; necklace of black velvet thickly studded with diamonds.
8. Heavy white silk bodice, with broad green stripes, and white overskirt of point-lace.
9. Chocolate-colored heavy silk dress, cut à la Maintenon.
10. Dark blue silk, ruffled skirt, and deep point-lace collar.
11. Light blue silk, with tasty white lace ruffles.
12. Dress of white lace, with long orange-colored train, trimmed with point-lace.
13. Dress of beautiful field-green, with heavy lace trimming.
14. Elegant robe of black and white lace, cut and trimmed with excellent taste.
15. Pink silk dress, with white lace trimming interspersed with roses and other flowers.
16. Dress of black lace, with orange stripes; velvet bodice.
17. Blue silk dress with white silk *panier*, trimmed with blue velvet.
18. Dress of rich white silk and lace, trimmed with red velvet bows and ribbons.
19. Dress of golden silk, cut à la Pompadour, with very large collar falling over the shoulders; deep lace sleeves, looped up with point-lace tabs; broad lace flounces.
20. Dress of white satin; corsage of white silk; trimmed with point-lace. Hair powdered; diamond jewelry, very rich.
21. High neck, heavy white satin dress, with puffs on the shoulders. Jewelry of choice pearls.
22. Rich silk dress, ornamented with broad stripes of black velvet and white silk rosettes; long train and *panier*; corsage cut very low; headdress trimmed with camellias.
23. Charming dress of blue silk, with white point-lace about the shoulders, and small cap of point-lace à la Italian.
24. Very neat robe, cut à la Mignon; overskirt of white tulle, with purple lace trimming, giving a fine effect to the skirt.
25. Robe of pink silk and lace; corsage cut square; large collar ornamented with diamonds.
26. Light-blue silk, à la Marie Antoinette.
27. A fine specimen of the Pompadour style. Dress of dark purple, with *panier* and train, and lace overskirt. Powdered coiffure.

## VOLCANOES.

MR. DAVID FORBES, of London, an eminent geologist, recently delivered an interesting lecture on volcanoes. Speaking of the relative energy displayed by volcanic forces in the older geological periods, Mr. Forbes said: "We must bear in mind that we still have volcanoes whose craters, several miles in diameter, send forth at times streams of molten stone forty miles and more in length, or showers of ashes which bury the surface of the ground to a depth of four hundred feet below them, and, furthermore, see volcanic mountains and islands literally rising up before our eyes to an elevation of even thousands of feet, in what, geologically speaking, is but a second of time;

it does not to me seem at all necessary to assume that such internal or cataclysmic forces were so much more energetic in any other period than at present." The author believes that sufficient importance has not been given to the effects produced by the cataclysmic action of volcanoes. He points out that all the chief features of the earth's surface are due to the elevatory forces within, and that volcanoes not only form the most lofty mountains in the world, but that the backbone of most of the others is composed of eruptive rocks. It must therefore be admitted that the changes effected in the physical geography of the world have resulted from a combination of two great but most opposite agencies, the internal and external, igneous and aqueous, cataclysmic and uniformitarian; and that all the phenomena of nature result from a combination of one or more forces, the same phenomena, at times, being the result of totally different agencies.

## NEWS BREVITIES.

CHICAGO dreads a flood.

THE thaw of February 3rd was replaced by — 2° on the 5th.

THREE hundred divorces were granted in Vermont last year.

NEW YORK building enterprise languishes, and rents are collapsing.

CHICAGO has founded what it calls a refuge for anonymous humanity.

A SOUTH CAROLINA sheriff wants to hire or buy a pack of blood-hounds.

THE Broadway Widening Act was repealed in New York Legislature, February 3d.

DIAMONDS are smuggled into this country in sheets of cork enveloped like letters.

MR. OWEN, of Westerly, R. I., breeds the American sable, to a profit of \$400 per pair.

TOLEDO ladies, when insulted, draw a lead-pencil, and sketch the rascal for identification.

A MAN of Woodstock is paralyzed by drinking cider from a lead pipe; he cannot touch his own face.

DR. FAYRE, in the London *Lancet*, asserts that 20,000 persons die of snake-bites in India every year.

TWO THOUSAND pounds of fine copper wire are used annually to secure the corks of congress water bottles.

BOSTON proposes to send a cargo of provisions to the relief of France, and has collected, up to February 3d, \$28,000.

THE exclusion of Chinese testimony from the California courts places the robbery and maltreatment of the race at a premium.

CHARLES T. SHELTON, of New Haven, offered to send the Young Christians' Association there a \$2,000 organ, and was snubbed.

THE conjoined capital of all the banking-houses of the Rothschilds in London, Paris, Frankfurt and Vienna, is said to be, in our money, not less than \$500,000,000.

SOUTH CAROLINA has a negro Lieutenant-Governor, three negro Congressmen, eleven negro State Senators, eighty negro Representatives, and one negro Judge of the Supreme Court.

DEVELOPMENTS show the assassination of Prim to have been procured by the deposed Bourbons. Isabella, therefore, adds to her other fascinations the "killing" ways of Lucrezia Borgia; but where was the able Marfiori?

EARLY in February the Chinese began another cycle of a thousand years in their calendar, and those of the race in California will devote two weeks to festivity in celebration of the passage from the old cycle to the new.

THERE are now employed in the oyster business in Boston some fifty schooners, manned by three hundred seamen, who are running between that port and Norfolk, Va. The vessels average a trip once in three weeks, and bring about three thousand bushels each.

A BOSTON lager-bier brewer has purchased Brook Farm, the scene of the co-operative experiment and failure of Thoreau, Hawthorne, et al., and will make an orphan asylum of the house and a German cemetery of the land. Thus transcendental communism goes to its bier.

HOLMES's beautiful photographs of "The Little Church around the Corner"—from one of which our illustration last week was principally designed—are having a rapid sale in this city, another demonstration of the public approval of Mr. Houghton's course in registering his superiority to bigotry and religious caste.

At the beginning of January, 1870, there was not a mile of railroad in Colorado Territory. The summary now is: Denver Pacific, Cheyenne to Denver, opened June 24, 106 miles; Kansas Pacific, Arrapahoe to Denver, opened August 16, 204 miles; Colorado Central, Denver to Golden, opened September 28, 16 miles. Total, 326 miles.

THE area of the oyster-beds of the Chesapeake and its tributaries is computed to embrace 3,000 acres. These beds yield to commerce about 25,000,000 of bushels annually, and it is stated that a sufficient quantity besides is taken to form the chief provender of 20,000 persons; that the capital employed last year in that city in carrying on the canning alone of the oyster is \$10,000,000.

POOR old England has scarcely got rid yet of her fruitless expenses in trying to crush the Revolution of '76. Until last month she pensioned John Baden, a Tory soldier, and a negro. This unbecomingly person enjoyed his place on the list for over eighty years, and only at the thoughtful age of one hundred and five consented to disprove the proverb that "pensioners never die."

THE increase of American banking-houses in London has become very great of late, and it is observed the owner of a building in Lombard street proposes to advertise rooms to let, in the American papers. Many of the bankers who formerly had offices in Paris have doubtless gone to London, and that city will in time have a larger number of American banking-houses there than we have English ones here.

WHAT becomes of successful gold discoverers, old men, shoddy contractors, etc.—men who have achieved the problem of wealth, but failed in that of social success? Well, there is quite a colony of Californians established at Dresden, the capital of Saxony. It commenced with a nucleus of some twenty families from San Francisco, Sacramento, and other towns of the great gold-producing State, and has since considerably increased. Those who have children find rare educational advantages in these towns, and very judiciously determine that their sons, at least, shall start from a higher intellectual footing than their own.

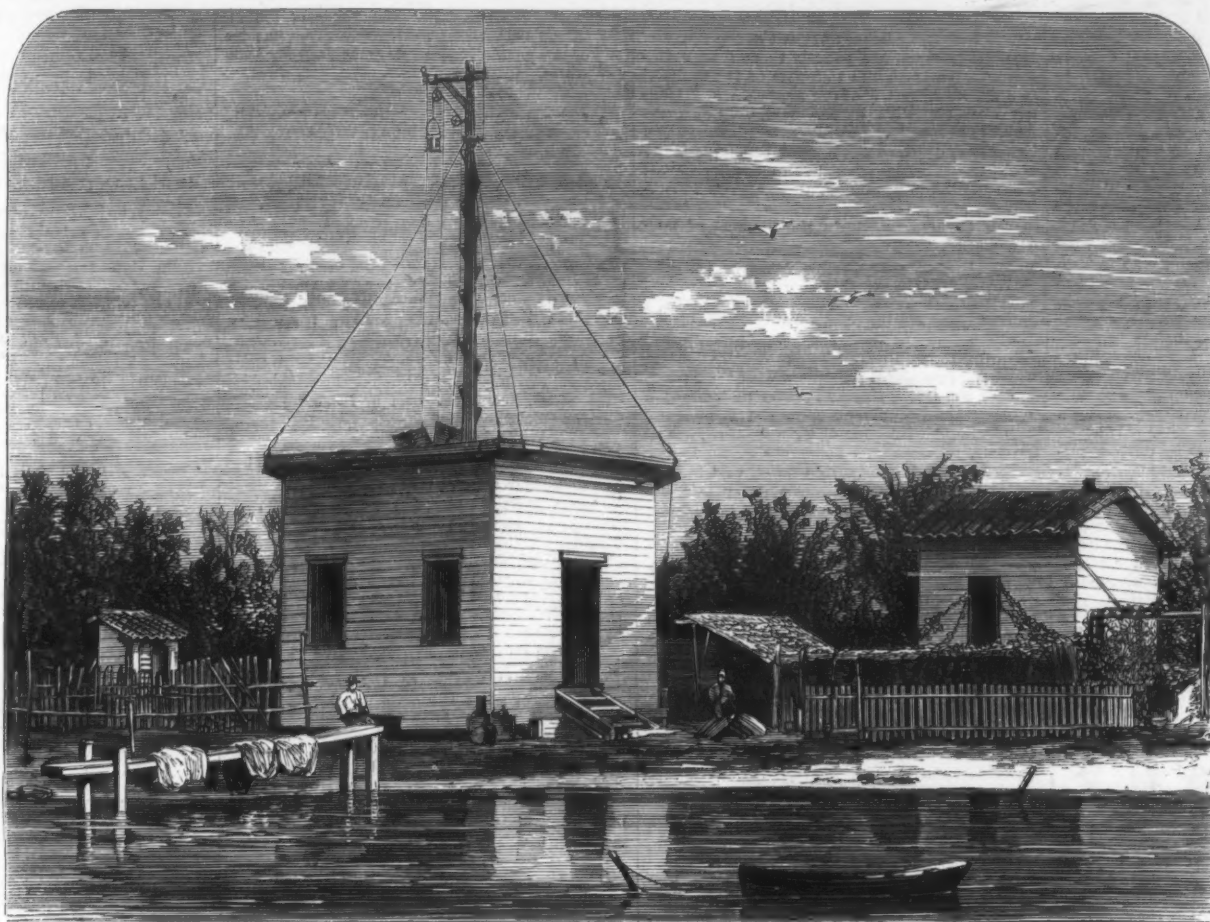






**DR. DON FRANCISCO DUEÑAS,  
PRESIDENT OF SAN SALVADOR.**

RELATIVELY to its area, the little Republic of San Salvador, in Central America, is the most populous of any portion of Spanish America, having forty-five inhabitants to the square mile, while Mexico has only ten, Chili eight, and Peru and New Granada but three and a half. In its industry and commerce it sustains a corresponding pre-eminence. Indigo is its great staple, and in 1869 it exported an amount equal in value to \$3,500,000, besides 6,000 tons of coffee, 6,500 tons of sugar, etc. The celebrated "Balsam of Peru" is produced exclusively in this republic. Its exports and imports for 1869 amounted, customs valuation, to \$7,497,352—an increase over the preceding year of \$2,080,557. The first three months of 1870 showed an increase over the corresponding period of 1869 of \$240,000. For the latter year, the surplus of revenues over expenditures was \$223,000. Exterior debt it has none, and the interior debt of less than a million is kept up so as to afford a circulating medium in



CUBAN SKETCHES.—CAPE DIANA, ISLA DE CUBA.—FROM A SKETCH BY G. PERKINS.

preciation of the Antilles, some tropical sketches, received by us from a traveler in the Sempre del Isla, may be interesting.

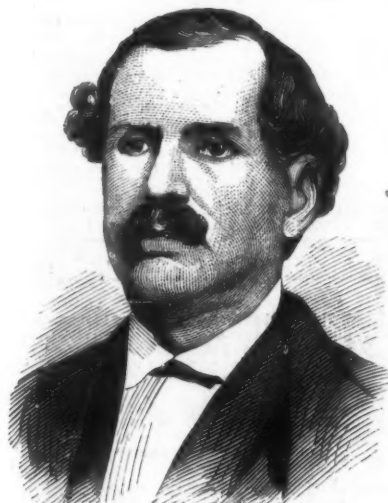
The great demand for means of transportation renders the erection of small depôts—as the one shown in our illustration—an absolute necessity for the large cities of the island favored with water accommodations. At these points economy of space and material is closely studied, yet everything needed in loading coffee, rice and other exports, will be found always ready for use.

Like a large portion of the island, the Vista de las Benos del Isla offers fine facilities to the farmer. The ground is naturally well drained, and the fields are open and capable of being worked with comparative ease.

The four buildings scattered along the sides and on the crest of the hill give a dash of the picturesque element to the landscape, which is not wanting in other attractions.

**THE PRUSSIAN SOLDIER.**

ARCHIBALD FORBES, an English soldier and war-reporter, lately with the Prussians, thus describes the charac-



SEÑOR DR. DON FRANCISCO DUEÑAS, PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF SAN SALVADOR.

he took a place in the cabinet of President Guzman, and was Minister of Foreign Affairs under his successor. In 1851 the Presidency of the Republic devolved on him under the Constitution, and he continued to fill the position until 1853, with credit to himself and the State. In 1863, having meantime suffered expatriation through the mutations of parties, he was elected President, and has since filled the executive chair. Under his administration, industry and commerce, science and the arts, have flourished, so that to-day San Salvador is the most prosperous portion of all Spanish America.

**THE LATE JAMES WATSON.**

On the 24th of January last, Mr. James Watson, Auditor of the County of New York, left his residence, in New York city, in company with his coachman, for a sleigh-ride. They drove up Eighth avenue, and, after enjoying the sleighing for a short time, started homeward, Mr. Watson remarking that there were too many reckless persons driving on the road for safety. They kept well to the right, and were driving at a moderate rate of speed, when, near One Hundred and Thirtieth street, a horse attached to a sleigh, driven by a man who was apparently intoxicated, suddenly dashed out of the crowd of sleighs going up, and ran between Mr. Watson's horses, breaking

the neck-yoke and pole to which the latter were attached, and knocking down the off horse, one of the thills of the other sleigh entering the chest of one of the horses of Mr. Watson's team; the horse which ran into them then reared, and, as he came down, one fore-hoof struck Mr. Watson on the forehead, inflicting a wound which resulted in his death on the 29th ult.

Mr. Watson's death caused deep sorrow among his many friends. He was a perfect gentleman, kind, courteous and liberal. He was born in the city of Glasgow, Scotland, in 1828, and came to this country at a very early age, in company with his brother. They went to California at the time of the gold fever. Returning to this city, he received a position in the sheriff's office under Sheriff Orser. On January 1st, 1859, when Sheriff Kelly went into that office, he made him his collector and book-keeper, which position he retained for four years. On the 7th of January, Comptroller M. T. Brennan appointed him County Auditor, the position he held at the time of his death. He married a niece of Comptroller Ewen, and had three children, two of whom are now living.

**SCENES IN CUBA.**

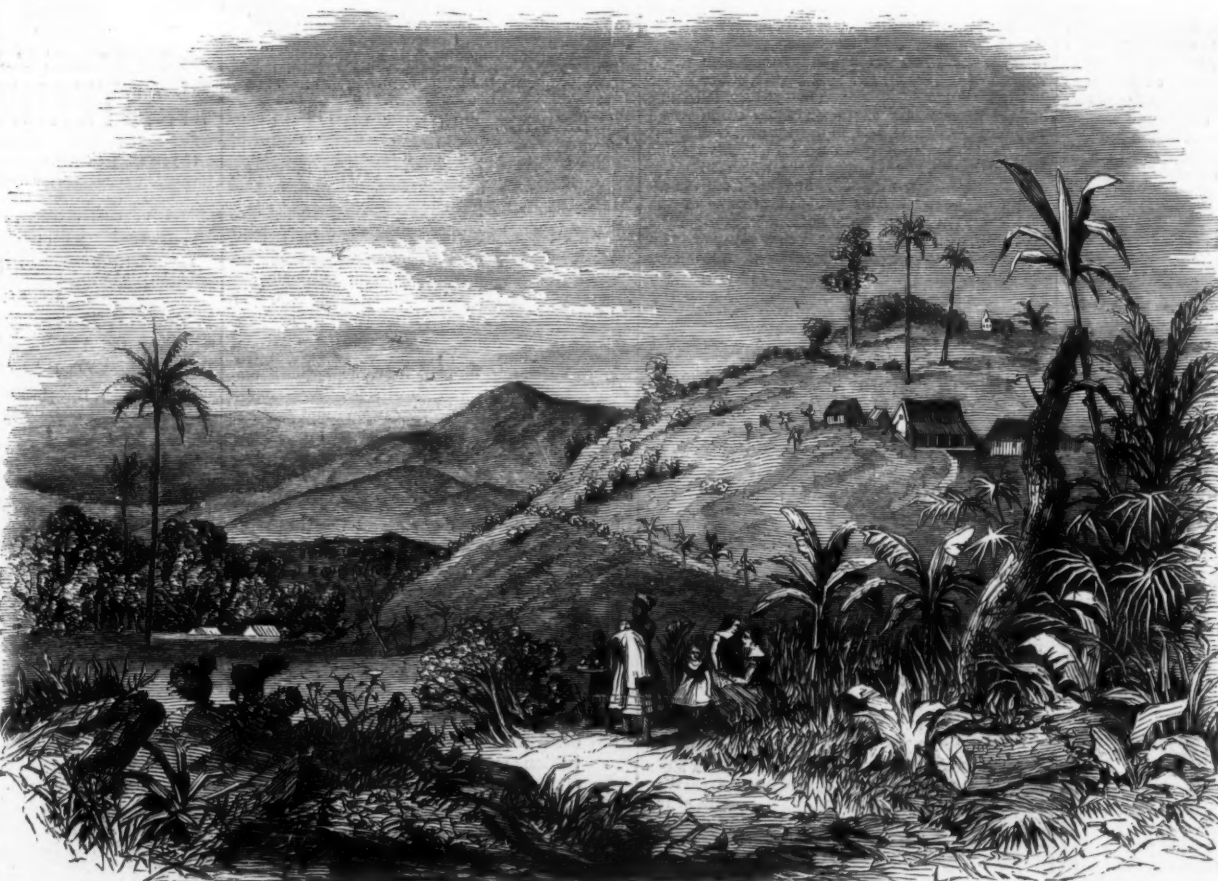
At this moment, when the attention of the country is turned to a comparative ap-



THE LATE JAMES WATSON, AUDITOR OF THE COUNTY OF NEW YORK.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY G. D. FREDERICKS & CO.

the shape of Vales, or treasury-notes. San Salvador has introduced the telegraph, and is about opening an intelligent railway system. Materially, and in the way of education, it is in the high road of progress. A national library has been founded, with the intelligent Don Manuel Caceres as director.

These happy results have been mainly secured through the intelligence and zeal of the actual President of the Republic, Dr. Don Francisco Dueñas, of whom we give a portrait on this page. Dr. Dueñas was born in the capital city of the country in 1811; he received his education in the University of Guatemala, and was admitted to the bar in 1836; was made chief of the Bureau of Foreign Affairs of the old Republic of Central America by President Morazan, and in 1838 was elected Deputy to the last Congress of the Republic. With the downfall of Morazan, Dr. Dueñas, as all other eminent Liberal leaders, was subject to severe persecutions from the dominant reactionary or "Servile party." On the accession of the Liberals to power in San Salvador, in 1846,



CUBAN SKETCHES.—VISTA DE LAS BENOS, ISLA DE CUBA.—FROM A SKETCH BY G. PERKINS.

teristics of the privates with whom he mingled intimately:

"Max has married, and children have begun to toddle around his modest table. He is in the midst of his harvest, and Gretchen is daily expected to add to the population of the Fatherland. Carl is to be married next week; he has bought his humble plenishing, and the priest or the minister has been spoken to. Hans is just entering into partnership; he has built new premises, and his presence may be essential to make the spoon—his absence will spoil the horn. Heinrich is on the eve of emigrating. His traps are bought and his ticket is paid for. But the major's clerk or the orderly corporal comes round one pleasant summer evening, and serves on one and all a certain bit of paper. Max, when he reads it, growls, 'Donner wetter,' and actually lets his pipe out in the dismal pause that follows its perusal. Carl walks off with it to his sweetheart, and there is a blubbing match. But when the appointed day arrives, Max and all the rest of them come to the front—genuine children of the Father



land. Max leaving the harvest in *statu quo*, kisses his Gretchen, and wishes her well through her trouble, slobbers the balms, and strides off to the muster—the wallet on his shoulder, in which Gretchen has crammed a couple of shirts, a lump of *schwarz-brod*, a few slices of schinken, and a coil of fearfully and wonderfully made sausages—a little in-acustomed water in his eye, and a queer lump in his bare, brown throat. Carl puts off his wedding indefinitely, and war becomes his mistress, *vice* the other *fräulein*, superseded for the time being. Heinrich postpones expatriation, perhaps to enrich the soil of France with certain phosphates, the product of the decomposition of bones. Hans leaves the new business and partner (an "exempt" let us hope) to take their course; he for the time has other fish to fry. The contingent of the village, duly called over and found complete, is sent off toward headquarters. By the way it meets other contingents, till finally, as the rendezvous is reached, the several contingents make quite a procession in traversing the streets.

"One is unable to recognize in this procession the genuine military experience of Prussia. Many of its members look louts—they drag their legs as if they had never been an hour at the goose step, and their shoulders are as round as if they had never learned the meaning of supplying motions. One of our smart sergeants of Charles street would emphatically d—n the lot all round as 'heart-breaks.' But the heart-breaks have seen and done what, in all probability, the recruiting-sergeant has only a very faint conception of. They have seen and shared in the shock of battle—they are veterans. Two-thirds of the number wear the war-medals of former campaigns. Max was at the storming of the Dannewerk; Heinrich piled the needle-gun at Königgratz. Let us follow the party to the arsenal. Here they get their uniforms, and on the peg whence each military suit is taken is hung up the civilian raiment, there to await its owner on the return of peace. If the unclaimed personal flossam and jetsam is a perquisite of King Wilhelm, the worthy old-clo' men of the Juden Strasse will have a fine harvest of it. For Gretchen may have been a widow before her baby was out of long clothes, and the priest may never be called upon to marry Carl. It was astonishing how the uniform altered the men in a physical sense. The brass eagle on the forefront of the spiked helmets wrought an extraordinary transformation. The slouch gave place to a brist, swinging, soldier-like stride, the hump went off the back, and I could hardly recognize in the upright soldierly figure the "slop-made" straggler of two hours before. Then one could see what a physically splendid race of men these Prussians are. There are among them few exceptionally tall men, although the Prussian cuirassiers might stand upon parade with our Lifeguardsmen, and not fear the comparison. But their breadth across the shoulder is greater on an average than that of Britons, and their depth and girth of chest considerably exceed those of our Footguardsmen.

"The Prussian army is a strange mixture of sternness of discipline in essentials and of laxity in non-essentials, that is calculated at first to mislead, accustomed as we are to the unvarying rigor of the English system. A private soldier thinks nothing of speaking both fluently and loudly while his officer is also speaking, and he is not shut up with the genuine British, 'Hold your tongue, sir!' But he yields unquestioning obedience, nevertheless, and I never heard any grumbling, no matter what the order might be.

"Without having personally witnessed the endurance of the Prussian troops in marching, often under unfavorable conditions, I could not have believed in the possibility of the accomplishment of such feats. I have known men march thirty English miles a day for three consecutive days. It must be remembered, too, that when the day's march was over, the troops had to do their fire-lighting and cooking, and, indeed, had occasionally to search at distances for the food to cook. Nor must it be forgotten that the Prussian troops on the march almost invariably bivouac in the open. They carry no tents—an excellent arrangement in fine summer weather, when it is a positive pleasure to sleep 'under the beautiful stars,' but one that is very trying when the weather is broken and inclement. They carry burdens on the march much heavier than the kit of our English soldiers, and in the burning dog-days they plodded sturdily forward all day long, yet I only heard of a few cases of sunstroke. I attribute this exemption to the almost invariable sobriety of the Prussian soldiery. It was but the other day—nor is the case an isolated one—that a loud clamor was raised in England, because a regiment had been marched some distance in the sun with the result of several sunstrokes, one of which was fatal. Those who cried shame over the trifling Kingston march, should have seen the Prussians striding steadily forward, the thermometer at eighty or eighty-five in the shade, with needle-gun, heavy knapsack, eighty rounds of ammunition, huge great-coat, camp-kettle, sword (a useless encumbrance), spade, water-bottle, haversack, and lots of odds and ends dangling about them, with perhaps a loaf, like a curling-stone, under the arm, and without the remotest symptom of sunstroke.

"The behavior of the troops in battle at times I have almost mistaken for phlegm, and yet has an indescribable stately, grave enthusiasm, which lies so deep that you must be familiar with the type of men who manifest it; with an absolute bluntness of conception on the part of such troops as to when they are beaten, that I have been puzzled sometimes whether to set the attribute down to actual stupidity or to the 'olism of the highest order,' and if you add to this a physical strength and weight second to those of no nation in the world, you will, I think, be forced to the conclusion that you have to do with an army which, on the battle-field, is uncommonly hard to beat, and you will not have been far from arriving at a specific expla-

nation of the cause of a formidability so marked. It so happens, likewise, that these attributes, which I take to be characteristic of the Prussian troops in action, are exactly those most calculated to frustrate the outcome of the national military idiosyncrasy of the French, whose leading characteristics in the field, as Celts, are fury, impetuosity, and sudden nimble dash. Let these fail to make their impression, and the game is up. The French soldier is nothing, if not actively, and, indeed, furiously on the offensive.

"In every war within the memory of men now living, there has been less and yet less actual bayonet fighting, owing to the increasing efficiency and deadliness of arms of precision. In this Franco-Prussian war, I am aware of only two instances of bayonet fighting on anything like a considerable scale. One was on the verge of the table-land of the Spicherenberg, when the Prussians, breathless with their clamor over the steep, tumbled rather than charged over the entrenchment upon the Frenchmen who defended it. The other was on the 7th of October, in Bazaine's desperate sortie in the direction of Malzières. Remember that in both cases the French were stationary, while the Prussians had got more or less 'way' on them—a circumstance which must not be ignored in speaking of the Prussian superiority. But, as a matter of fact, the lithe, supple Frenchmen recoiled like so much india-rubber before the straight, strong shoulder-push of the Prussians. But india-rubber recovers its elasticity and rebounds—the French never rebounded. It seems to me that it was a matter of sheer weight rather than of impetus."

**PARTIES**, in search of a perfectly secure investment, should notice the advertisement of the West Wisconsin Railway Bonds, contained in this issue. A partner from each of the firms of White, Morris & Co., and Gwynne, Johnson & Day, the Companies' Financial Agents in this City, have passed over the road, and given it a thorough inspection. Besides this, eminent legal counsel have examined all papers pertaining to the Company, and in each case a most favorable decision has been attained. The road, when completed, will save one hundred miles over existing lines on the route to St. Paul and the Northern Pacific, which fact alone entitles it to a prominent position among the trunk lines of the West. The local traffic already established is very flattering to the future success of the road, and encourages its projectors and friends to hope that their highest anticipations will be more than realized. The country is settling very rapidly, and the number of stations has been more than doubled since the opening of the line. The road is being built in the most thorough and substantial manner to accommodate the great through travel and traffic which will flow over its line at once on completion. These bonds have only fourteen years to run, are marked at 90, accrued interest, are amply secured by the very large land grant, and by one hundred and fifteen miles of railroad, which is now doing a business equal to the interest on the bonds issued. The Company own one million acres of excellent prairie and timber land, the value of which adds greatly to the security of its first mortgage bonds. Taking into consideration the short time these bonds have to run, that they are payable, interest and principal, in gold, free of Government tax, and that, at the present premium on gold, they are equal to a nine per cent. investment in currency, we unhesitatingly recommend them to our readers, as being one of the safest and most reliable securities ever offered in this market.

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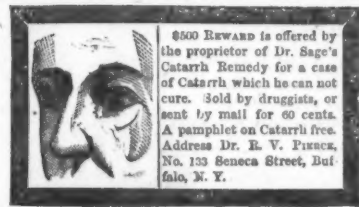
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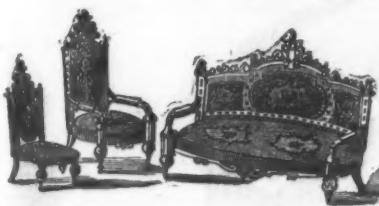
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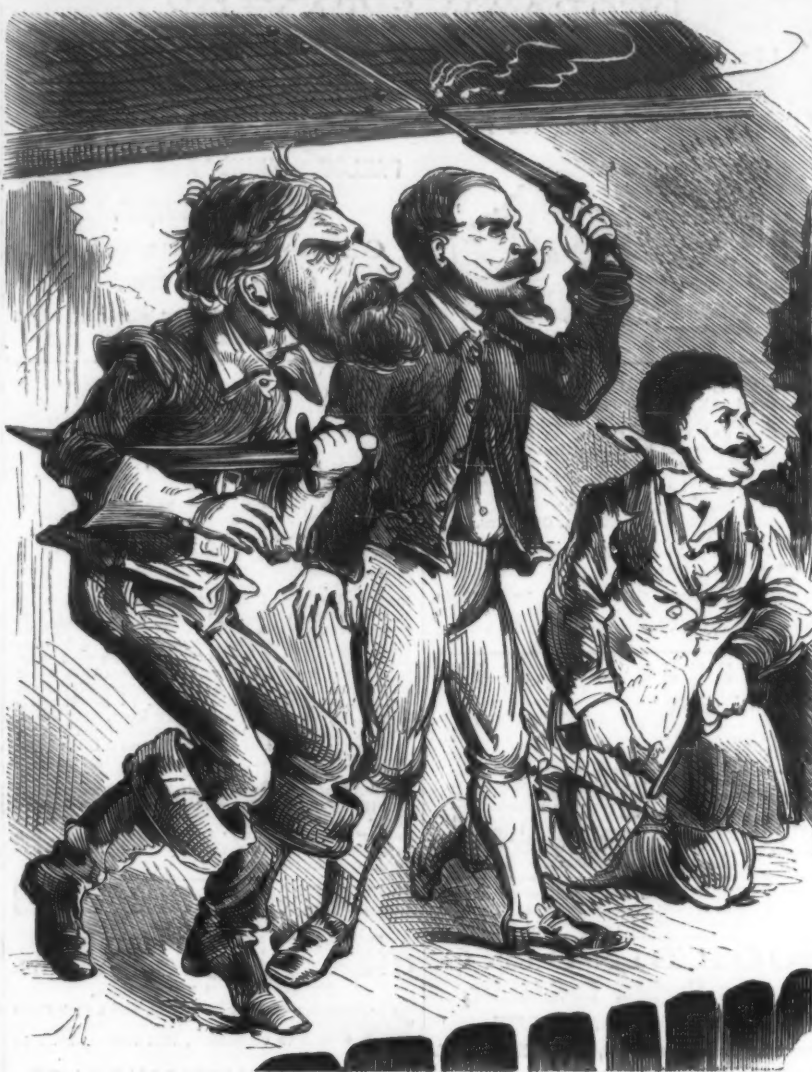
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